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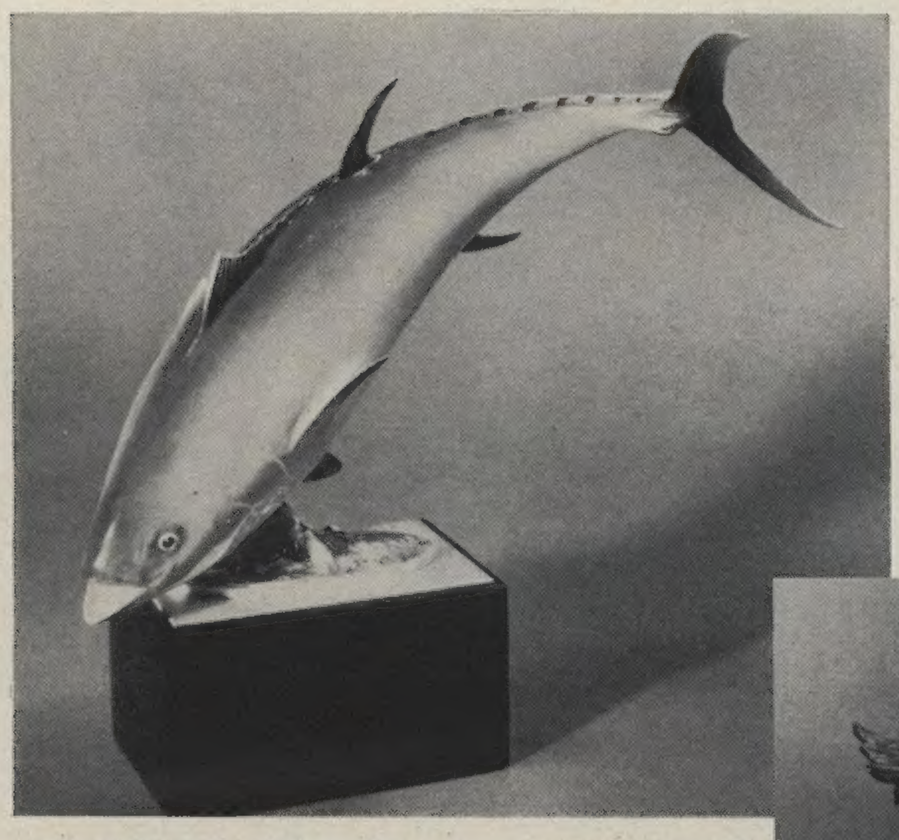
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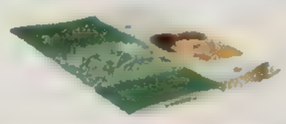
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☐ 40 or over	☐ Silver		
	☐ Black		

5677

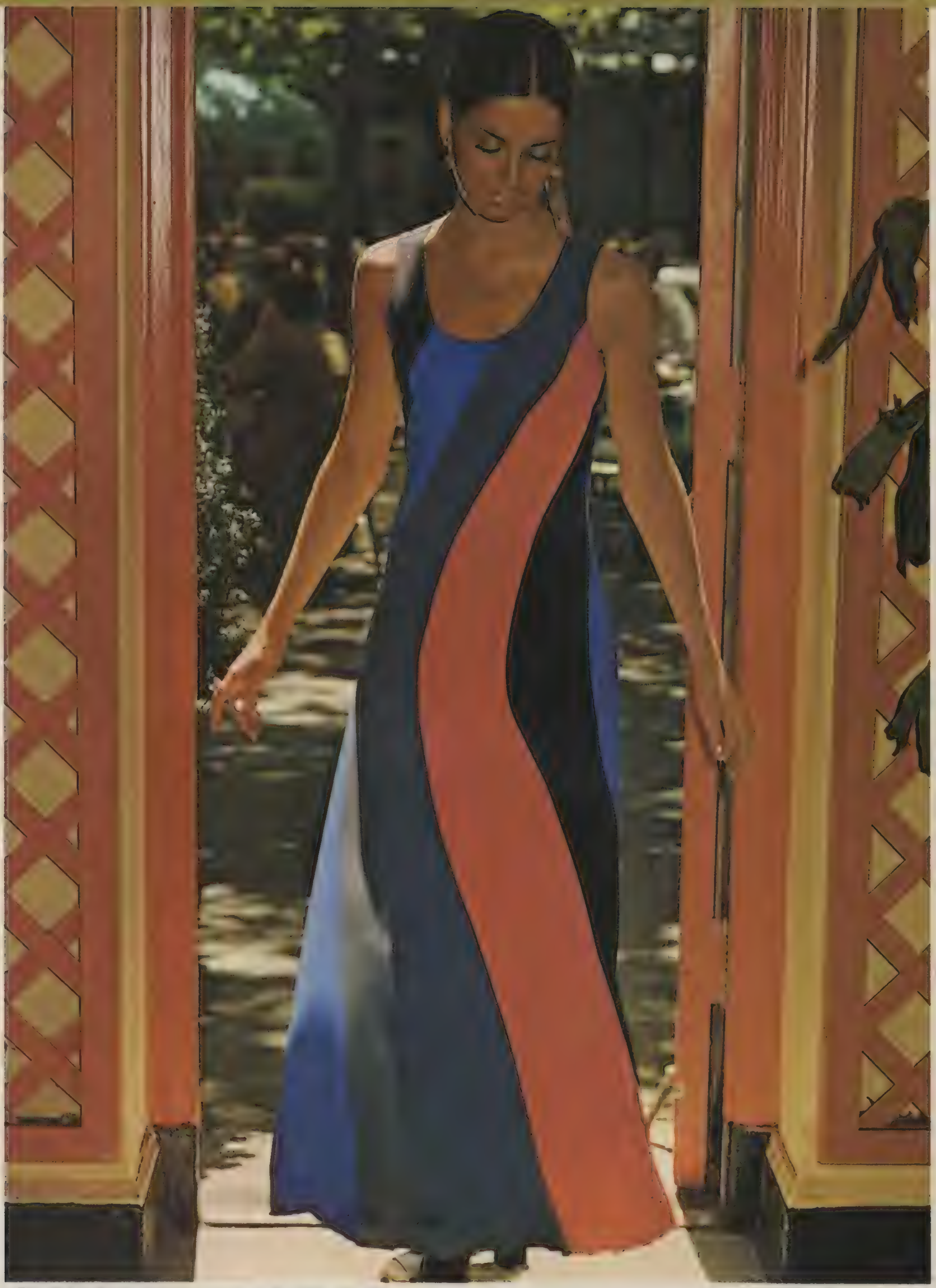
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A provocation of perfume	Jean D'Albret
A design for living	House & Garden's Guide to Interior Decoration
An offering of beauty	World of Beauty Club
A rainbow of fashion	Zerlina Juniors

Ready Beauty



Green Beene

If the first thing you put on is your perfume (and how else can your body heat do its catalytic best), imagine the bliss of smelling green all over. Geoffrey Beene, designer of super-spiffing clothes, has just launched his first perfume, also called Geoffrey Beene—a euphoric mixture of leafy, fruity delights like tart, green tangerine and tender orange leaves. The bottle is tall and cool and classic, stoppered in crystal for the perfume, silvery metal for the cologne.

Latin sphere of influence

It is enough to be a Spaniard; but to be Spanish and a woman is to have a stunningly unfair advantage. The grace, the mystery, the intensely female beauty—no wonder that Myrurgia, who make the memorable Maja perfume, have decanted a new and other fragrant tribute, this one called Orgia (and pronounced, we hasten to tell you, Or-hee-ah). It has just come over from Spain, elegant, electric, and under no circumstances to be missed. Perfume and cologne to choose from—or why not both?

Familiarity breeds content

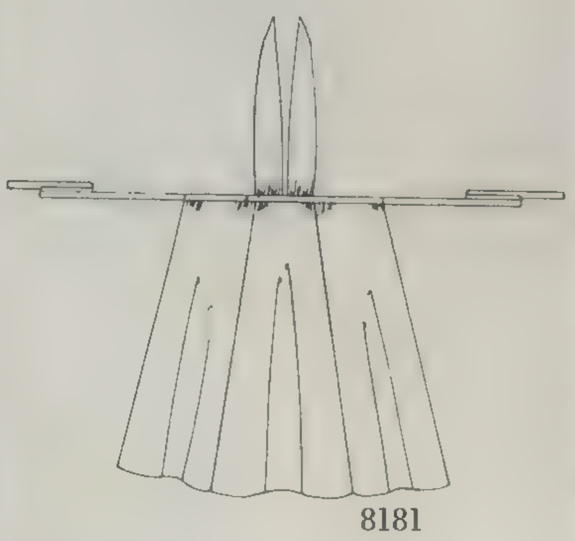
When you really love a fragrance, it never goes out of your life. You may do a season with one or another, but inevitably you come back to the dear, delicious familiar. Which explains the return engagement of Lenthéric's Tweed of the 'forties—a felicitous bouquet of amber and roses, dazzle and languor. From all reports, this looks to be a high time for Tweed.

Six scents in the forest

No matter how tastes turn in terms of fragrance, there is something irresistibly appealing about back-to-nature leafy and flower scents. Marian Bialac, maker of the famous Yatrolin, has come up with six of them . . . all especially pulse-quickening for city dwellers who may wax wistful over some of the very names, such as Rainforest Fern, Weeping Willow, Deepwoods Heather. Captured from the outdoors into frosty fluted sprays. (More Ready Beauty page 42)

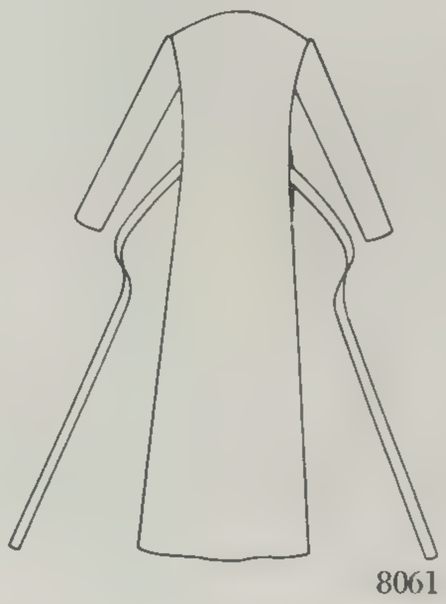
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 128-129; other views, yardages, details)



8181

Above: Ankle-length halter-necked dress ties behind the neck, wraps and ties at the waist. Vogue Pattern 8181. Sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 5 yards of 45″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.



8061

Above: Long-sleeved ankle-length dress V's at the neck, wraps and ties gently at the waist. Vogue Pattern 8061 (includes pants, not shown). Sizes 10-18. Size 10 requires 4¼ yards of 45″ fabric. $2.50. In Canada, $2.75.

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Zippy little wrapping—bright red tied up in navy

Red to the knee, navy on the edge—a zippered-up robe you'll want to get as well as give. By Maidenform, in nylon. $10. At Bloomingdale's, N.Y.... As for the bed: Peter Phillipps designed it to swing from the ceiling on wires; what it wears here is "Patterns," a quilted bedspread by Yves Saint Laurent for Fieldcrest. Altman's. François of Kenneth coiffure.

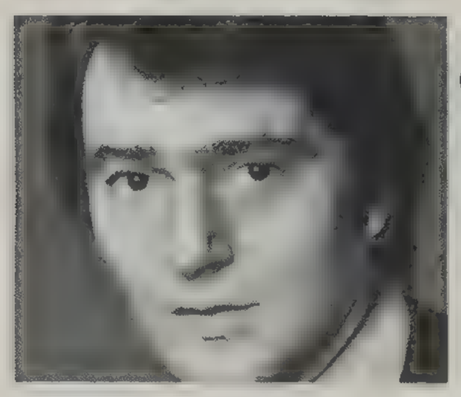


ALEXIS WALDECK

Lady Schick
HAIRCURLER
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Other leading curler: per instructions, this was the wettest-looking curler, 90 seconds after unit was ready.

Lady Schick curler: per instructions, this was the wettest-looking curler, 90 seconds after unit was ready.



Vidal Sassoon, famous hairstylist:

"Lady Schick puts more mist into your hair—so there's no worry about drying it out!"

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And, if you want conditioning mist, Lady Schick has that, too. For Beautifying—or—Conditioning Mist, make sure you get Lady Schick.



Now with new Balsam Conditioning Mist, too!

LADY SCHICK

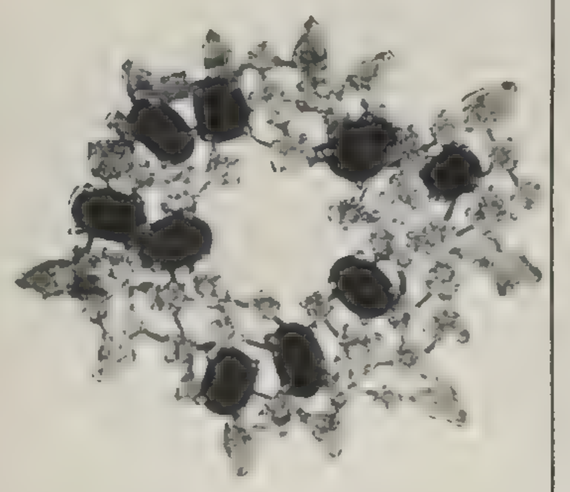
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Beauty Checkout



All-star cast...

Paula Pritchett, above, has good reason for the big smile—it's not that often a girl's first movie is a smash with critics, the public, and the actress herself. But that's just what happened with *Adrift.* A tall, leggy brunette from Norfolk, Virginia, Paula came to New York to model and scored her first success doing fashion shots, then TV commercials, which she still thinks are lots of fun. She graduated from TV scripts to the movie variety when the producer of *Adrift* spotted her picture, liked what he saw, and sent her the script. Then, Cinderella style, it was off to Czechoslovakia and her plum rôle. While waiting for the next to come along, Paula and her husband divide their time between New York and California, living differently in each place. "In California, everything is much healthier." She eats health foods, walks in the mountains, plays tennis, lives more outside than in. "New York is so hectic, when I come home I just like to lie back and relax. And the food is so good, it's harder to stay in shape." Exercising: "I'm basically lazy"—but she keeps her energy up with vitamins A, B, C, and E. A firm believer in soap and water, she collects the former in all shapes and sizes, feels water is a better moisturizer for her skin than cream. The important thing in her beauty life is "getting her head together," and one way she does that —standing on it.

...further stargazing

Joan Crawford's secret weapon—dill pickles for dessert—without the ice cream. Very effective ammunition in the battle of the bulge; the sour taste takes away her craving for sweets, keeps her shape well in hand. . . . **Eva Gabor's wig tale**—"I own twelve or fourteen wigs, all synthetic, all blond. I think it would be great fun to change colors (and a great way to keep a husband interested), but I'm so established as a blonde. I swim and play tennis a lot. I travel. For one TV show I used twelve wig changes in one day. And I find it no trouble at all to take care of my own wigs. Anybody can do it. I always have something that's not me on my head!" . . . **Carol Burnett's exercise class**—to keep herself fit and trim and to do the same for everyone else on the set, Carol conducts a free half-hour class each lunch hour. Some of the top-rated routines: Carol's Toe Touch—start in sitting position, with arms extended, touch toes (or try to) slowly, five times—strengthens back, slims middle. To ease tired muscles—start lying down, pull knees up to middle and hold, then release.



THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY...THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

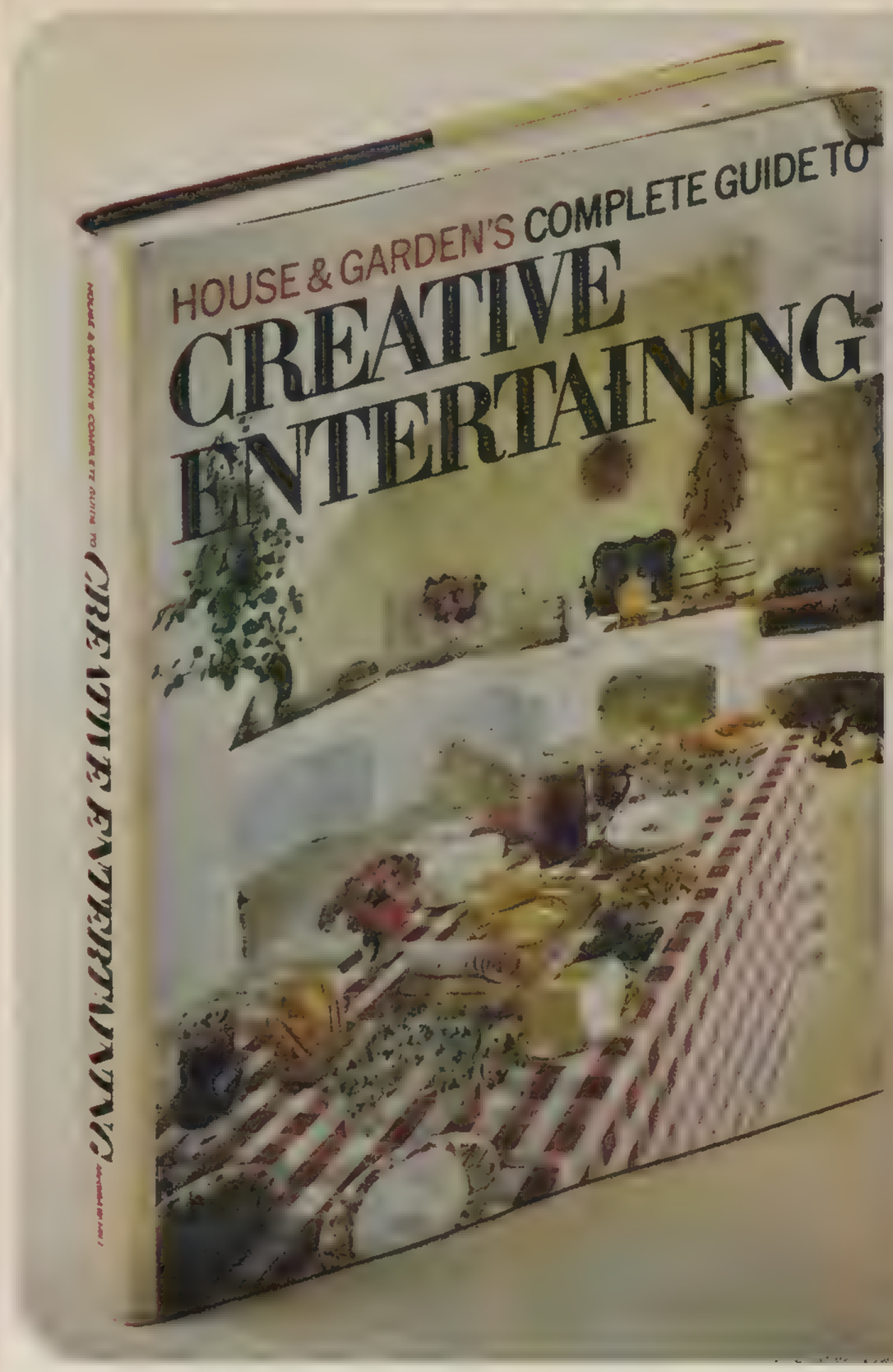
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Ready Beauty

SPRAY AS YOU GO. No woman in her right mind gets stranded anywhere—in a plane, in a taxi, on a banquette—without a supplementary squoosh of enslaving smell to make life more meaningful. Spray perfumes come in all sizes, from change-purse weeny to bath-shelf super, and as you've surely noticed, spray-on scent stays truer and covers more of you.

Hearts and flowers

The season to be jolly is coming up fast, and if your dear ones are already clamoring to be told what you want in your stocking, it is useful to know Guerlain's captivating Chamade, a scent that breathes of flowers in profusion and rapidly beating hearts, has been newly done up in spray cylinders that look like blue and white toile-de-jouy-printed porcelain. In two sizes—one for perfume, one for toilet water.

Good things come in threes

There is nothing like simplicity—the masterfully conceived, sinfully rich variety, as practised by Hubert de Givenchy. The new metered spray bottles for Givenchy III Eau de Parfum and Eau de Toilette are in the grandly simple manner—curve-sided, with golden shoulders and golden caps like small Givenchy hats. The scent is delicious—a catch-me-if-you-can tease.

Christmas Yves

If you're a St. Laurent girl, you'll be charmed to know that he's just turned out an offbeat, fortnight-sized Spray-Along for Rive Gauche Body Parfum—plainly an inspirational gift for the chums who are taking off post-hols, and can't bear to be without the Rive Gauche sparkle and come-on. The packaging is flight-blue, striped with black and silver.

New look at the classics

Any perfume that has been adulated year after entrancing year has got to have intimations of immortality. Caron has three immortals: spice-laden Bellodgia; sunny, flashing Fleurs de Rocaille; and Nuit de Noël with its musky, velvety embrace—all making a new and dazzling appearance in sprays. Parfum de Toilette Atomiseur looks like a great square gold-and-crystal jewel, and Purse Parfum Spray is a flat, golden, palm-sized treasure.

Ego-scentric

It's enough to turn one's head. There you are with a skin texture and smell and chemistry that is absolutely unique, and Prince Matchabelli has woven a perfume—Cachet—around it. The newest Cachet attraction is a silvery tube, collared with a twist, and brimming with perfume spray mist for your handbag.



Kayser is marvelous in bed. You can see why.
The endless honeymoon outfit. Satin trimmed peignoir and v-neck gown of sheer nylon tricot. Bashful pink, goldenrod, bonnie blue and white.
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By Despina Messinesi

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Joy ride:

What a joy to travel like a billionaire. Completely carefree. No hang-ups. A fortnight floating around Europe in a small jet, flying directly to marvelous places without fuming about time and plane connections, landing in uncrowded airports where chauffeur-driven Mercedes wait. Everything is laid on: rooms in hotels and castles, sometimes a whole villa, side excursions, a yacht. A courier, like a gentle den mother, accompanies the travelers, takes care of tips, looks after luggage, even goes to bat for spur-of-the-moment whimsies, the delights of any trip.

On this for-a-fact fancy, no more than eight people fly with their pilot and courier in the swift Falcon jet. One person could fill up the plane with a house party of seven, but most passengers reserve as they would for any plane trip, in this instance at an Air France ticket office.

There are four sky routes around Europe, each one totally different, all equally fascinating. Since none of the four duplicates the stops of the other three, all four are "go." Three trips take off from Paris's Le Bourget (a satiny ride from Paris in a Rolls-Royce); one leaves from Rome. All four circuits begin between April 25 and April 27, 1972, and will leave regularly every three days until the end of October. To be exact, each circuit is repeated fifty-seven times.

Snippets of pleasure—

TOUR I: From Austria's rococo city of Salzburg to the hedonist beaches of St. Tropez in the South of France; across the Mediterranean to the kasbahs of Tangiers in Northern Africa; north to Granada, Spain's great Moorish city, and to the French Basque Country near Biarritz.

TOUR II: French Provence, haute cuisine; Costa Smeralda, polished resort on the Italian island of Sardinia; medieval city of Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia, yachting (with a crew of six) along the Dalmatian Coast; and to the Minoan treasures at Herakleion on the Greek island of Crete.

TOUR III: From Rome to the Greek olive-green island of Corfu, on the Ionian Sea; to Izmir on the Turkish coast for an Aegean cruise through the Greek Islands of Samos, Chios, Lesbos; to Venice, Italy's magnet on the Adriatic; and to the romantic château country of France's Loire Valley.

TOUR IV: To the Dordogne, beautiful French countryside—prehistoric cave paintings and Toulouse-Lautrec masterpieces; across the Channel to Dublin, Ireland's showcase of Georgian architecture; and north to Deeside in Scotland, studded with castles and rivers stocked with fish.

For any of these tours beginning and ending in Paris or Rome, the daily tab for each person is $160. For a rich uncle who might like to take over the jet, the cost is $1000 a day for himself and seven guests.

Air France handles all the arrangements for these new tours, as well as the transatlantic flights to Paris and Rome. What a dreamy way to go.

Jumping to the sun

Just thinking of the hot sun beating down this minute over Australia, that faraway sun-trapped continent, warms the blood. Even more appealing is a new escape-to-the-sun way to get there. Australia's nifty airline, Qantas, calls it Fiesta Route; people who have done it call it resort-hopping, which it is.

Lifting-off pad of this Qantas flight is the tidy, flowery island of Bermuda on the Atlantic. Next landing is Nassau in the Bahamas, capital city of hundreds of dry coral islands rising in glass-green water.

Third stop is Mexico City, a rush of city pleasures with its superb museum, good restaurants, powerful architecture. A jet-hour away, Mexico's playcity Acapulco has everything going for it: climate, *mañana* pace, swimming in the warm Pacific.

Circling over Tahiti for a landing at Papeete, the surprise is that it looks like a South Pacific island—which it is: crumpled green hills, waterfront of boats, the smell of flowers.

Crossing the date line, today in Fiji is suddenly tomorrow on this enchanting South Sea island with knots of attractive resorts edging empty beaches.

Final stop on this orbit, Australia's great harbor city, Sydney, a mix of old brick and glassy skyscrapers, big business and outdoor living: swimming, surfing, sailing, golf, plus, plus.

Sticking with one airline is rewarding: the well-mannered Qantas crew seem like family retainers, and it's reassuring after a stopover in the South Seas to find them aboard.

For the return trip—perhaps months after leaving Bermuda—a more direct route across the Pacific makes only two stops: Fiji and Honolulu. Round-trip fare leaving from Bermuda and returning to New York flying in economy class, $1,359 for one person; in first class, $1,888.

The wild life

It's news when the World Wildlife Fund for the first time gives its nod of approval to game sanctuary tours. Good to know, too, that $250 from the total price of the tour goes to benefit the Fund and is tax deductible, through an agreement by Pan American, the first airline to support the Fund's projects.

The first series of the World Wildlife tours focuses on India's abundant and varied game and bird sanctuaries, where you can watch animals not seen anywhere else in the world.

From Bombay, the itinerary, moving counterclockwise, circles

(Continued on page 46)

"Pourquoi PANTENE?

Parce que je veux que mes cheveux soient doux a caresser."*



*"Why Pantene? Because I want my hair to be lovely to touch."

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Two-piece 100% wool double knit ribbed sweater and dinner skirt, with leather belt, made in Italy. In white, navy, shocking pink, turquoise. Sizes 6 to 16. About $120.

TRAVEL PRESENTS

(Continued from page 44)

all of India—around the southern tip, up the east coast to Madras, Calcutta, and Kaziranga, cuts west across to Delhi, and back to Bombay. Stopping, backtracking, and fanning out from cities, it takes in many of the splendors of India's mirrored palaces, temples, and gardens, along with wildlife.

Programmed for thirty-one days, the tour splits up roughly into thirteen days of wildlife-viewing, nine for sight-seeing, with about eleven days for travel that includes both.

Leader of the group (usually about twenty-five people) is a knowledgeable conservationist who sticks with the tour from start to finish. Like an ambulatory encyclopedia on *the* subject, he sometimes even gives airborne talks during those yawning hours on planes between meals and sleep.

Departure date of the first World Wildlife Fund packaged tour leaves New York, January 29, on Pan Am's Jet Clipper. Price tag including everything as well as the $250 tax deductible contribution, $2,500 for one person. For reservations, write: Percival Tours, Inc., 48 East 43rd Street, New York, New York, 10017.

Spanish sunway

Off the coast of Africa, the Canary Islands, seemingly faraway Spanish siblings sunning in the Atlantic, are suddenly light-years nearer. Iberia, Spain's Air Lines, pulled the switch: New York to Las Palmas, capital city on Grand Canary, one uninterrupted seven-and-a-half-hour flight.

The plot thickens with enticements. On the same ticket, at no extra cost, the traveler may fly on from Las Palmas to Madrid—a swift shift to great art, dashing Madrileños—later, continue to Málaga on the Costa del Sol—whiffs of orange blossoms, Mediterranean villages—and there, pick up Iberia's 747 for New York. A new, nifty itinerary.

Fresh appeal for people flying from New York to Barcelona, that magnetic Catalan city with new Picasso museums, superb primitive Catalan art, is the new easy ride on Iberia's 747's. Appropriate opener to the Spanish scenes: Iberia's brand new terminal at J.F.K. Airport in New York. Sí. Sí. ▼

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A collection of classics.

The Queen Anne double-bonnet secretary and the Régence style commode...two superb classics from one brilliant collection—Henredon's Folio Ten. The secretary is an authentic reproduction—right down to its brass pulls and yew banding. The richly carved commode is built to look and feel like yesterday, yet serve the extra space and needs of today. Folio Ten is a compilation of pieces as perfect as these. To see other courtly collectables from Henredon's Folio Ten, send 50c for brochure to Henredon, Dept. V-11151, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon



VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A Fête for the Hambro's

"So many pretty girls, so many pretty dresses"—that's the way one guest summed up the dinner party Mrs. Thomas L. Kempner and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer gave in New York for Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hambro. A farewell before they returned to their home base, London.





1. Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hambro—Mrs. Hambro in her Halston one-shoulder champagne crêpe de Chine. . . . 2. Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III, in a Tibetan wedding robe, Chinese shirt, jewels slung like a baldric over one shoulder. . . . 3. Mrs. Samuel P. Reed in amber matte jersey by Halston. . . . 4. Left, Mrs. Herbert P. Patterson, Mr. Patterson, and, right, co-hostess Mrs. Thomas L. Kempner. . . . 5. Mrs. Mary McFadden in Dior—green-and-scarlet top, violet sash, and jeweled white skirt. . . . 6. Mrs. Frederick A. Melhado in Adolfo's flower-print crêpe de Chine. . . . 7. Mrs. S. Carter Burden, junior, in black with silver pailettes. . . .



formula 405:
for skins that weren't born yesterday

Most skin creams and moisturizers are only fair weather friends. Which means they keep you young-looking while you're young. Radiant while you're in your first bloom. But add a few years and these creams no longer perform their magic.

formula 405 is much more than a fair weather friend. This rich night cream contains deep-acting, hydrophilic* elements which the epidermis absorbs. Consequently, the retained moisture "fills out" the many lines and wrinkles caused by moisture deficiency while natural oils nurture and soften the skin. **formula 405** contains no hormones and is hypo-allergenic.

For half a century, Doak Pharmacal Co., manufacturers of dermatologics exclusively, has been one of the most respected names in the field of skin care. Working closely with leading dermatologists and biochemists, Doak invested five years in the research and development of **formula 405.**

More than pretty words and promises, **formula 405** is the scientific night cream which helps your skin look younger in just 10 days. **formula 405**—For skins that weren't born yesterday.

*water-loving

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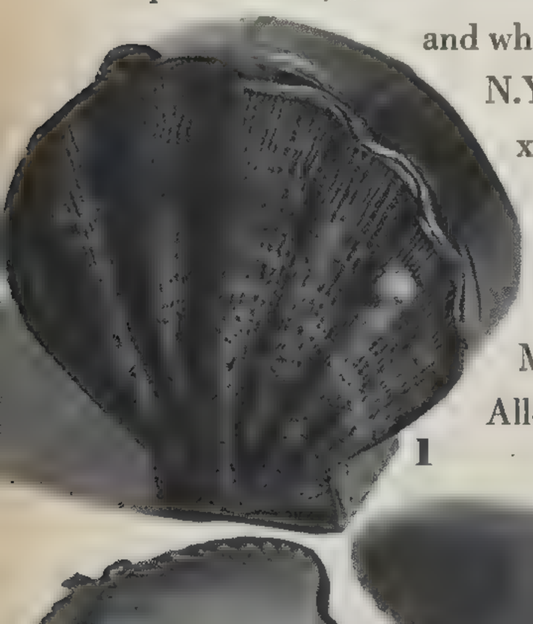
Charmers from Juvenia

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN LIVING

CHRISTMAS WRAP-UP

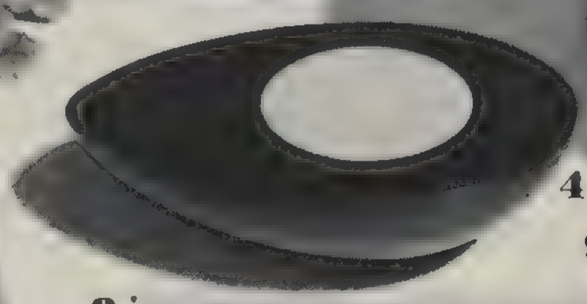
15 super finds . . . all made by hand

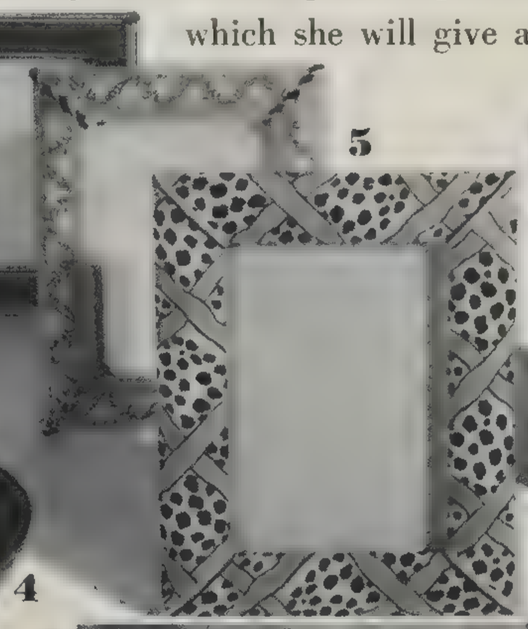
1. Precious objects from the sea, each one unique: A minaudière, made from a great lion's paw shell, bound in vermeil, lined in suède. Designed by Margaret Stix, $650. To carry in it, **2,** her mini coin purse with a seed-pearl tassel, $325. Scallop-shell compact, **3,** vermeil lined, $275. All at Cartier. Below: **4.** Floating Yolk in black and white marble. One of Bettina's sensuous pure shapes. $25 at Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N.Y. **5.** Helen Batoff's exquisite fabric-covered picture frames, contrasting fabric backs. 9½" x 8", $30 ea. The Very Thing, 149 E. 72nd St., N.Y. **6.** Pale wood: Round chopping-block table, 42" diam., $205. Spoons, 12" long, $1 ea. Napkin rings, $1 ea. Egg coddlers, $1 ea. Eggs, $.50. Wire egg basket, $12.95. All, Williams-Sonoma, 576 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. **7.** Finely cast counterbalanced brass candlestick, a 17th-century design, $100. The Mallet Shop at Bergdorf Goodman. **8.** A glorious needlepoint rug worked by Mrs. Walter Allen. 6'8" x 4'10", $5000—of which she will give a percentage to the World Wildlife Fund, an idea for other needleworkers. At Nina, 860 Madison Ave., N.Y. **9.** The first round glass-and-steel extension dining table, made with a watchmaker's precision: six wedge-shaped leaves extend it from 72" to 80", store in a box. $7200 at John Vesey, 969 Third Ave., N.Y.* Blue-and-white French cotton rug, 5' x 7', $700. Stark, 979 Third Ave., N.Y.* The beautiful objects on the table are all from Tiffany, New York. This table is in the Cleveland house of Mr. and Mrs. Semon E. Knudson, decorated by Jane Baum. **10.** Orchids to hang, $12.50 to $35, in Richard Etts's sculptured-hands pot, $35. Aunt Dotty's Arbor, 1103 Third Ave., N.Y. **11.** Fleurs des siecles, gold-plate and enamel flowers by Gorham. Dogwood in a clear Lucite vase, $35. Snow drops in a gilded woven basket, $100. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue's Guest and Gift Shop, N.Y. **12.** Twiggery mirror, white lacquered papier mâché over wood, is a superb accent piece, $950. By designer John Dickinson, 3022 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. **13.** John Dickinson's skirted console table is great trompe l'oeil made of galvanized tin with a heavy brass border. Use it indoors or out. 4'6" long by 1'8" deep by 30" high, $300. At The Greenery at Merryvale, 3640 Buchanan St., San Francisco. **14.** Fresh as a daisy drip-dry gingham tablecloth, banded with French ribbon. 50" x 50", $35. Matching napkins are $4 ea. All, The Finishing Touch, 7 Via Parigi, Palm Beach, Fla. **15.** Exquisite fantasies of shells and pebbles in Plexiglas boxes, by Barbara Ziegler, at Margot's Boutique, 30 W. 45th St., N.Y.

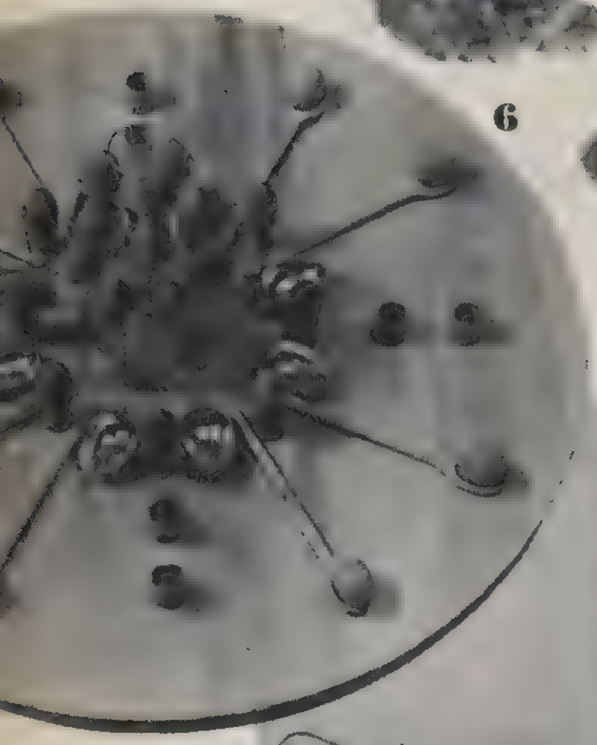

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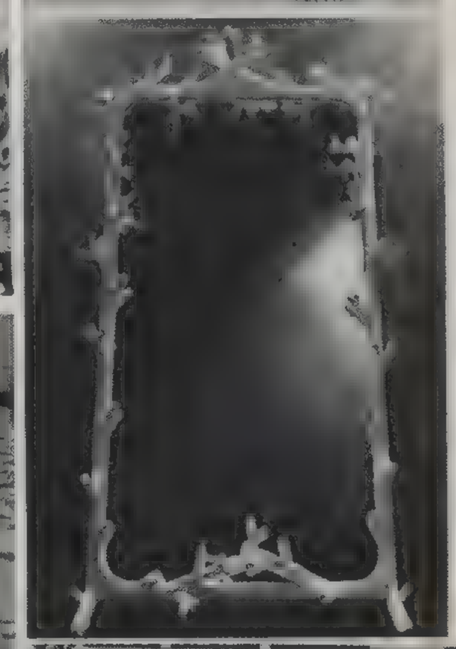

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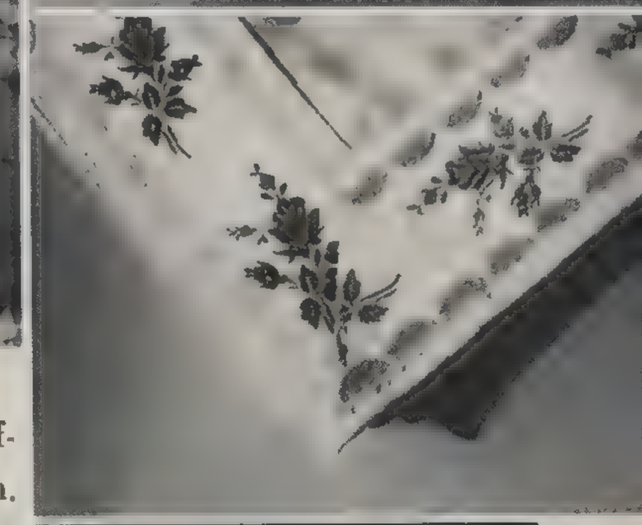

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VOGUE'S

FROM NOVEMBER 15 THROUGH NOVEMBER 30

HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

***H.S.H. PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO** was born November 12, 1929 —a Scorpio birthday in an exact trinity to the Moon in Pisces and Pluto in Cancer. The harmony of five planets in Water signs in her chart shows emotional satisfaction in motherhood, in attention to public demands. A cross involving all of the Mutable signs—Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius, and Pisces—indicates variety of interests. She would be as thorough in one thing as another, always with the wish to please. There is a desire to return to the past; I expect her to appear in a film in the near future, perhaps a documentary.*



ARIES, March 21–April 20. Mars, your ruler, has been in Aquarius for six months. At the end of the first week it will end its transit and enter Pisces. The courage and dash you felt earlier will be curbed. Complete your projects before that time; for, later, constant interruption by others demanding your attention will divert your personal efforts. Your leadership will be less effectual as the rush of events subsides.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Venus, your ruler, in a Fire sign starts an exciting cycle involving a new social group, changes, and pleasing news. Ideas that you have already developed will come to the attention of those who can promote them. You can bargain now, might enter a new profession. You will experience a physical exhilaration, joy in expressing yourself on a level that suggests a new future, increased security.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Routine work is not appropriate for you now, with four planets in your opposite sign, Sagittarius. You will be offered many new opportunities at the start of this period, which should lead you to a new field of operation. At the new moon, concentrate on the advantages of acceptance and take the advice of a mate or partner who grasps the meaning of going over to the side of the winners.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. You excel at a job in which sympathy and understanding are needed. You can sense a need and cater to the situation. If you take the initiative now, armed with progressive ideas, in helping those with whom you work, a new responsibility will be offered you. The new moon endorses one of your proposals that benefits your co-workers. Your associates will approve of your unique improvement.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your self-confidence and flow of energy are underlined by four planets in Fire Sagittarius, giving you the opportunity to advance many of the ideas you have been holding, waiting for an appropriate time to introduce them. To publicize, communicate, to sell ideas would be most suitable at the new moon and would bring suitable buyers. Move fast; as the month ends, so do the opportunities.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. With Mercury, your ruler, in the sign of Sagittarius—sign of intellectuals, teachers, writers, historians—and with three planets—Jupiter, Neptune, and Venus—there bolstering Mercury, you can now gamble with any or all ideas and changes of programs. Take a chance on a more venturesome path, and leave routine behind for a time. You will be successful if you act at the new moon.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Your ruler, Venus, in Fire Sagittarius suits your desire to change the scene, to try a new approach. With Jupiter there, too, you are bound to win or to marry the one you love at the new moon. You will not have these lucky two together again for a long time. Now is the time to make a match, start a business, take a new partner. As the month ends, Venus moves out of the lucky zone.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Mars, your ruler, is in Pisces, which will not suit you. The atmosphere is too uncertain for your realistic nature. Since the planets of luck, Venus and Jupiter, are in Fire Sagittarius, your money house, you may have money and opportunities rolling in without expending any energy. Ease up now and let your partners make you rich; the power is in their hands, anyway.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. With Jupiter, your ruler, at home in your sign, you are able to put your expansive and universal concepts to the test on all levels. Venus in your sign, too, promises romance, so love should be considered. Since you are an expert traveler, this is the time to make a journey with your love. Make the trip at the new moon; this is the best of seasons for you.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Your ruler, Saturn, now in Gemini—an airy sign—gives you the opportunity to cast aside heavy responsibilities and to play a lighter role, to pursue fun instead of a job. Your ruler's standing against four planets in Sagittarius—the sign of gambles—is not favorable to work in depth. Travel light, with no commitments. The new moon brings a controversy; ignore it.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Your tranquility has been disturbed by Mars's occupying your sign for six months; this has been an active period. Any projects begun in that time must be completed during the first week; then the action changes, new associates enter into your plans. There are many tests—one partner bears down, forcing you to assume heavier responsibilities. You may have to accept.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. The solitude or privacy you prefer ends after the first week, when Mars enters your sign. An old friend may ask you to accept a commitment of importance. It would be best to accept, after first doubts are dissipated; for it will prove worthwhile. Those involved in the project are exciting, bring personal satisfactions. One in particular can lead to a new happiness for you in time.



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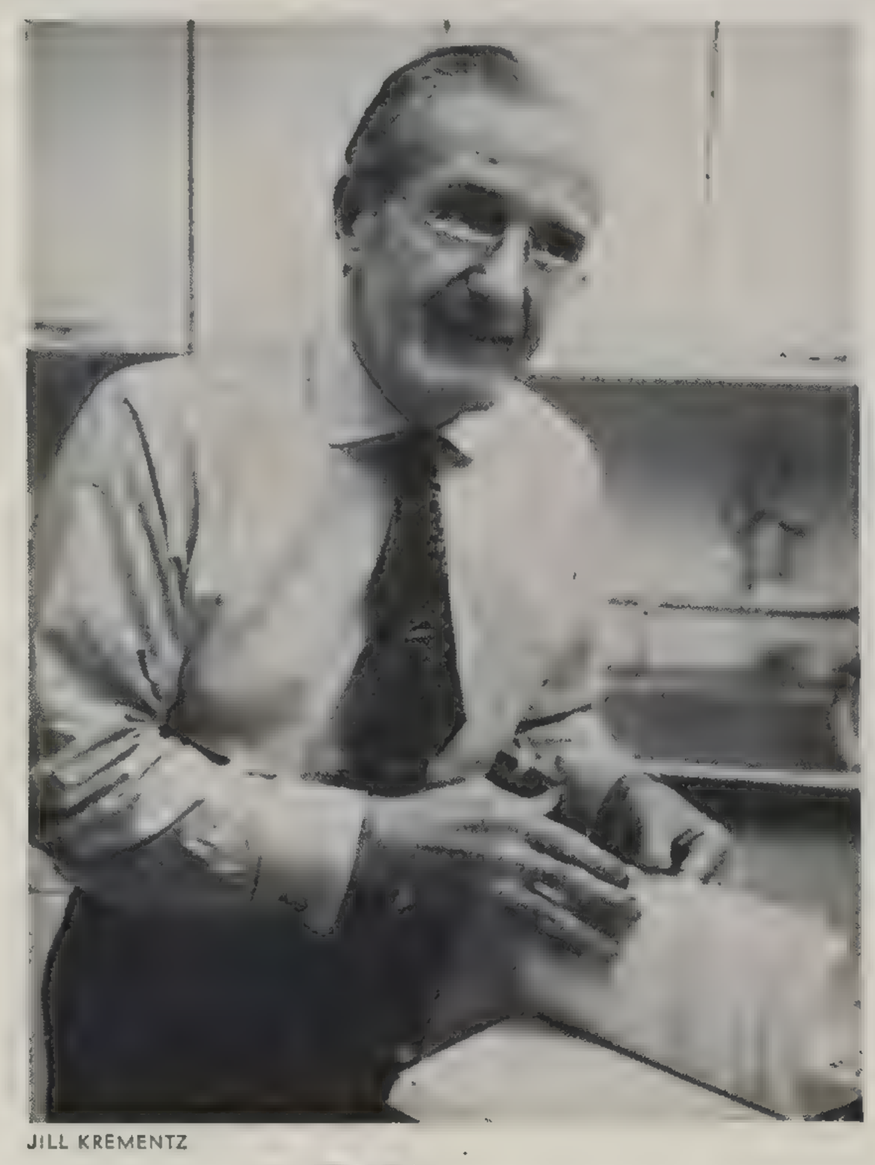
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Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime:

MAURICE MOORE-BETTY, A PRO AT THE STOVE

By Maxime McKendry



JILL KREMENTZ

"My taste for cooking simmered on the side of the stove for years—necessity finally brought it to the boil," said Maurice Moore-Betty, a grey-haired Irishman with smiling eyes, who was born in Enniskillen in Northern Ireland and first coped with cooks and cooking in the 'thirties while tobacco farming in Southern Rhodesia and growing cotton in the Sudan. Second World War army duty took him from the camel corps in the Sudanese desert to Normandy, then through the Far East. Back in postwar London, he found a full-time cook too great a luxury, of necessity became the cook himself. He started by working in the kitchen under Avignon, the renowned chef of London's Ritz Hotel, then opened a tiny restaurant of his own—madly crowded—where he stopped cooking only when the building was torn down.

Living in New York since 1962, Mr. Moore-Betty now acts as a food consultant and teaches cooking in his coach-house apartment filled with English furniture and Oriental treasures. Among his students, the "small adults" (teen-agers) are a treat: no hang-ups about flavors, no fears about equipment, which in his big kitchen-dining room—looking on a terrace where he grows lemon balm, sage, and thyme—includes painters' palette knives among the slicers and choppers on a wall rack. On another wall, a herb-and-spice watercolor by Mary Faulconer hangs near a Regency gateleg table; a long, narrow sixteenth-century English table adds more space for students or guests. Mr. Moore-Betty's recipes for entertaining are in his book *Cooking for Occasions* (David White, 1970), with cheerful and chatty advice rivaling that of the late Irma Rombauer in her famous *Joy of Cooking*. Here is his recipe for a Thanksgiving cranberry sauce, created especially for Vogue, and several others, old and new. (Continued on page 56)

Girls who like Grande Baroque sterling, crystal chandeliers and Louis XV armoires can now have a Baroque tea party.



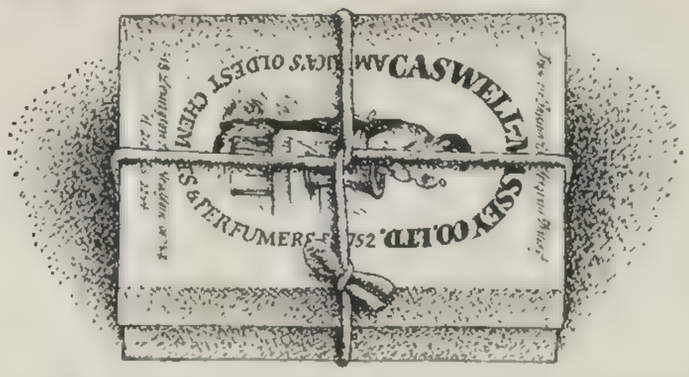
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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

(Continued from page 54)

Cranberry Cumberland sauce

ten servings with turkey

2 cups fresh cranberries, washed and picked over
2 oranges
1 1/2 to 2 cups sugar
2 sticks cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon whole allspice—tied in cheesecloth
1/2 cup red-currant jelly
1/2 cup light port wine

Cut peel of 1 orange in fine strips; simmer in water 2 to 3 minutes; drain. Combine juice of both oranges, jelly, wine, sugar, and spice bag; boil up, then simmer 5 minutes. Remove spices; add cranberries and orange peel. Bring to full rolling boil until berries pop.

Vegetable soup

1 quart chicken stock
1 large zucchini
1 large summer squash
1 rib celery
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon celery salt

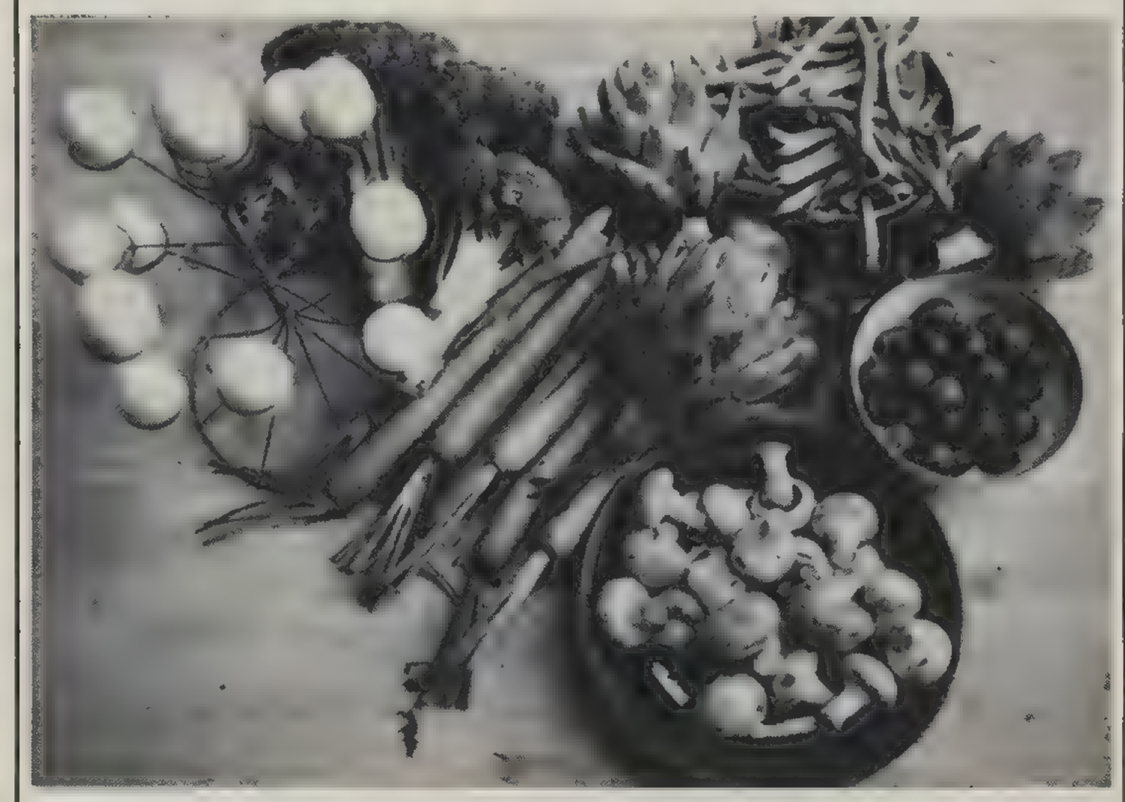
Peel vegetables, cut in chunks; cook gently with butter in a tightly covered pan until just tender. Stir in celery salt; put vegetables in blender with a little stock; puree. Combine with remaining chicken stock; chill or reheat. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and shredded orange rind. Parsley must be chopped at the last minute, or it loses its flavor.

Panache

eight servings

1 9-ounce package frozen green beans
1 large Spanish onion, peeled and sliced
1/2 cup olive oil
8 ounces bottled artichoke hearts or bottoms, drained
4 eggs
1 green pepper, cleaned and diced
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
Pimiento and pimiento-stuffed olives

Boil beans in salted water 5 minutes; drain. Sauté onion in oil until transparent; combine onion and oil with beans and artichokes in blender. Blend until smooth. Beat eggs to a froth; stir in vegetable puree. Mix in green pepper and seasonings. Pour into well-buttered shallow ovenproof dish (10"x8"x2"); bake 50 minutes at 350°. Garnish with a lattice of pimiento strips with olive slices at intersections. Serve hot or at room temperature; may be refrigerated, brought to room temperature to serve.



Maurice Moore-Betty makes American vegetables—even frozen ones—taste as good as the European kinds



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At home and abroad... what the men are wearing at night

Paris:

Count Hélie de Pourtalès, a director of the Banque Lazard, wears a white wing-collar shirt to enliven the look of a classic dinner suit. For less formal evenings out, black velvet trousers plus a pale-blue or beige brocade tunic with a Russian collar and back zip made for him by Mme. Claude Javelet. For dinners at home: dark-grey matte satin trousers from Yves Saint Laurent with a white silk turtleneck, wide leopard belt. . . . **Hubert de Givenchy** wears a black velvet jacket, black alpaca trousers, wide black tie, and shirt with striped collar and plain body to dinners not strictly black tie; at home, velvet trousers, patterned shirt, scarf of a different pattern, and a fantaisie belt. . . . **Walter Lees** has a jet-black silk dinner jacket by Huntsman of London, wears it with a waistcoat with old English silver buttons; at home, a blue-jeans jacket and jeans made for him by Givenchy in peau-de-pêche denim. . . . Writer **José Luis de Villalonga** wears black, wine-red, or emerald-green velvet jackets, wide tie with a Windsor knot, subtly patterned shirts. . . .

London:

The velvet suit has swept the field. . . . **Rupert Lycett Green:** "To go out, a dark velvet suit or bottle-green suède suit, butterfly bow in black velvet. If a tie is not demanded, a cashmere turtleneck, or ecru-color shirt in rough peasant cotton . . . at home, the velvet jacket, printed or embroidered silk shirt, and really scruffy jeans." . . . **Prince Azamat Guirey:** "Dark velvet suit, black bow or wide black tie, pale-cream or blue shirt. At home: velvet trousers, print shirt worn outside the trousers and belted, petit-point slippers which my wife made for me." . . . **Jackie Stewart:** "To their house, a dark velvet suit, a scarf or a wide colorful tie; at home, a beautiful frilled shirt—I have a passion for them whether they're in fashion or out; sometimes a shirt without frills worn outside the trousers and belted with one of a collection of unusual belts." . . . **Patrick, the Earl of Lichfield:** "I follow an old English custom—while the host may be underdressed, never the guests; so out in the evening, a dark velvet suit or a dark-green suit of lightweight wool trimmed with black braid, a cotton voile shirt, and no tie, or a wide black velvet bow if called for. At home, black velvet trousers, silver-buckled patent shoes, and a silk Cossack shirt worn outside the trousers and belted. I have a collection of these shirts in almost every color." . . .

New York:

One of the best hostesses in town says, "I never ask men to wear black tie—in the sense of the butterfly bow—to my house. If all the men are dressed alike, it's uncomfortable and boring. If they dress less formally, they show you their personalities, much more amusing . . . but I do think men look wonderful wearing a velvet jacket, a plaid taffeta jacket, or a satin blazer—something other than a business suit—with a shirt and wide tie . . . no shirts open to the waist." . . . **Oscar de la Renta** at home wears a long black woolen cardigan, a print shirt, black tie in Windsor knot, and black velvet trousers, sometimes wears a black dinner suit with scarlet ribbon band down the side of the trousers, black shirt, and black tie. . . .

Everywhere

I go—Venice, Paris, New York," reports a pretty, peripatetic scene-watcher, "men are wearing their hair differently now. It's still rather long on top, and on the sides, but much shorter in back—no more hair hanging over the collar. And it's combed or brushed up and back off the forehead. Sideburns, yes, but shorter, not exaggerated. Sometimes, men are wearing their hair slicked back the way my father did years ago. It looks great."

Los Angeles:

Black linen is the odds-on favorite for evenings at home, particularly the beltless bush jacket from Dorso in Beverly Hills. It's worn by **Paul Newman, Sam Chew, James Aubrey, Thomas Cushing, William Dozier,** and **H. Bradley Jones.** Continental Airlines president **Bob Six** wears it with open-collar shirt of bamboo-beige cotton. . . . **F. Patrick Burns,** one of Los Angeles's top hosts, wears classic smoking for big dances; for less formal dinners, a dark-brown velvet jacket, black trousers, black silk tie, patent pumps. . . . **Robert Stack** wears a black velvet shirt-jacket by Dorso over navy flannels, black velvet espadrilles for evenings that don't demand black tie. . . .

L'AIR DU TEMPS

The beautiful perfume...by Nina Ricci



Vogue's point of view:

Round tables to talk around

Shortened menus

"Peasant" food

Pillowed corner banquettes for dinner seating

Meals in any pretty room

Phoned invitations —even last minute

Disappearing black-tie

Wine at-ready on the table

A cool room

Fresh food and untortured flowers for their pure delights

P.S.
to all women:
"Look as beautiful as you can"



JACK ROBINSON

How really entertaining real people really entertain

This issue is all about having a good time—the people that do, the clothes they choose, the ones you will wear for the least stuffy, least rigid, least obligation-draped season among friends we have seen in years. On this page: a list of new thinkings we found most often among the greatly gifted givers of parties whom we interviewed on three continents. Not that there aren't described in this issue wild contradictions, sudden pockets of strict formality or unforgettable luxury, and fascinating people who just, fascinatingly, play it their ruleless way. That's the point. Loving, caring, sharing with others your own life, your own enjoyments—that will be 1972's only unbreakable entertaining rule. *Above:* One of the new men at the party, the ones who see parties with investigators' eyes: the bright, knowledgable butler/caterer/consultants who go where the help often isn't to make evenings come out right. This everywoman's helper is Laurence Blanken, whose well-known face and quick-witted service appear at some of the best doings in New York. For his point of view, see page 82.

Smash

A hostess's nightmare too beautiful to dream.

Photograph
by Irving Penn









ENTERTAINING NEWS: The Chinese slant in fashion

Sharpest, prettiest, newest look to wear at your house, their house: something Chinese-y, worn—at her house—by Babette Brokaw. . . . *Above:* Adolfo's black crochet version of the classic, body-skimming chon san in silk and wool, slit ankle to thigh at the sides. Pins of Chinese lovebirds cavorting in frosty brilliants. Dress, about $325. At Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . *Right:* In the Brokaw study, below a pair of 18th-century family portraits, Mrs. Brokaw in a belted Chinese pants suit of clearest turquoise in matte-on-shiny jacquard checks; the jacket held at the neck with Chinese tassels and a carved rosette. All, Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Pants suit of polyester, about $165. January, Bonwit Teller; Claire Pearone. Accessories, next to last page. Franklyn Welsh coif.

ENTERTAINING VIEWS: MRS. CLIFFORD V. BROKAW, III *"I like to experiment..."*

"Food should be fresh, simple, superbly done—not too rich or complicated," said Mrs. Brokaw, a Boldini beauty with firm ideas on what makes a party go, "and freshly cooked. Reheated food tastes like eating on an airplane." Whatever the meal, it's accompanied by excellent wines—some discovered on one of the Brokaws' oenophile safaris in the vineyards along the Rhine and the Rhône. . . . A seated dinner for 14 in the pale-green dining room of their New York apartment might involve rack of lamb with minced breadcrumbs, garlic, herbs—a recipe picked up in Alsace. Or a roast filet of beef. Dessert, crème brûlée . . . or fresh fruit or berries, perhaps marinated in champagne: "I like to experiment with menus, colors, textures. I like to mix people and ages . . . people are always interesting if they're interested in what they're doing."

BERT STERN

ENTERTAINING NEWS: THE CHINESE SLANT IN FASHION

At home, at night: two views of the Orient from Giorgio di Sant' Angelo —sensational on Betsy Theodoracopulos, here in her New York apartment with its caches of rock crystal, ceramics, jade. . . . *Above:* Floating sleeves and waist-high slit on a scarlet Ming dress of puckered brocade and chiffon, with criss-crossings of chiffon around the bosom. Of acetate and rayon; $295. Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Giorgio's Oriental fantasy, *opposite:* brocaded leotard with huge red chiffon sleeves, red legs. Over it, a short-sleeved, ankle-length chung pow in black crêpe . . . to tie back at home; wear wrapped to the side when you're going out. Leotard (Enkalure nylon), about $110. Chung pow, about $95. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Marie Leavell. Accessories, next to last page. Coif: Marc Sinclair.

ENTERTAINING VIEWS: MRS. BETSY PICKERING THEODORACOPULOS

"My secret is a very good butcher"

"I love giving parties," said Betsy Theodoracopulos. "Six to eight is nice, but I love having 70 people at a buffet, too. I love getting everything ready, arranging the flowers, the cheeses—piling the fruit in big bowls so it spills over." . . . Abetted by her Greek chef, she gives memorable parties. Every holiday, American or Greek, is celebrated with enormous verve, due ceremony, and masses of delicious food: at Easter, the traditional Greek soup, magaretsa, *made from a lamb's head (it takes three days); suckling pigs roasted with oregano, garlic, lemon. American holidays call for turkey, duckling, goose. At any season, one may feast on Greek cheese or spinach pies, stuffed tomatoes, the delicate hot dessert puffs called* svingi, *flamed with cognac and honey. . . . There are no shortcuts to successful entertaining, in Mrs. T's view: "My secret is a very good butcher—and very good food, well prepared."*

BERT STERN





ENTERTAINING NEWS: THE CHINESE SLANT IN FASHION

Chinese-y evening pyjamas, in brilliant Chinese reds—marvelous on a long-legged, red-blond girl like Alexandra Cushing, at home here in her New York apartment: Mexican mirrors, comfortable squashy pillows, bright afghans knitted by an old friend in Squaw Valley. . . . *Above,* a thousand flowers bloom on the Chinese work suit: tunic, two layers of lacquer-red flowered silk georgette, piped and frogged in bright lilac . . . matching rayon crêpe de Chine pants. By Chester Weinberg, about $200. At Martha; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz. *Right,* flowing satin tunic and pants in the brightest cherry red, verging on fuchsia . . . chiffon Chinese collar, a long trail of chiffon sash. By Giorgio di Sant' Angelo, of acetate and nylon (Maxwell Fabric). $225. December, at Bonwit Teller. Accessories, next to last page. Franklyn Welsh coiffures.

ENTERTAINING VIEWS: MISS ALEXANDRA CUSHING

"What counts is very good people ingredients"

A young hostess who's short on experience but long on enterprise, Alexandra Cushing takes a firm grip on Julia Child's Art of French Cooking, *invites 8, 10, or even 12 people, and gives a smashing dinner party in her small apartment in a New York brownstone. "I can't really go much beyond basics," she said: "roast beef or delicious rare lamb and salad." Still, one recent dinner ended with poached peaches and raspberries—not bad for a beginner. . . . "Very good people ingredients" are what counts, she thinks. Also, that "a seated dinner is much easier and more fun." In her tiny dining room, a lilac Victorian sofa against one wall holds three—"the guest of honor flanked by two beautiful girls"—and everything else falls into place.*





ENTERTAINING NEWS: THE CHINESE SLANT IN FASHION

Blaze of flowers on lacquery-black satin, *above:* A Chinese pants suit—all side slashes and apricot chiffon shirt sleeves billowing through the sleeves of the jacket. Marvelous colorings for Annette Reed, who wears it in the library of her New York apartment—where sofas on three walls are covered in beautiful old Kilim rugs. . . . Giorgio di Sant' Angelo turnout (acetate satin); $350. December, at Bonwit Teller. . . . *Right:* Like a serene *blanc-de-chine* figure, Mrs. Reed in a Chinese-y skim of white with buttons down the side. By Scott Barrie; Jasco Fabrics matte jersey. $145. Saks Fifth Avenue. Franklyn Welsh coifs.

ENTERTAINING VIEWS: MRS. SAMUEL PRYOR REED

"I have no theories - it just happens."

"We love Oriental food," said Annette Reed. "We're just crazy about undercooked vegetables. Raw vegetables, too—everything fresh. All food tastes better if it's in your fingers." At war with her fondness for food that can be picked up is a passion for puréed food, which can't; "I love everything puréed and gooey." A guest at the Reeds', then, can expect the unexpected—an excellent send-off for any dinner. "I have no theories—it just happens," said Mrs. Reed, looking amiably un-up-tight. "I'm lucky if I can get the food on the table." . . . Like many hostesses, she dreams of the convivial dinner for eight close friends —in her dining room with its sang-de-boeuf *walls, twisted candlesticks of dark polished wood, tortoiseshell service plates—but often ends up with more. "Sometimes I have a buffet . . . but people always return to a table. No perching."*

BERT STERN



Reality Food

MENU, RECIPES, TIPS FOR AN ORGANIC DINNER

The newest—and most delicious—party foods are real ones—no sprays, chemicals, additives, preservatives, stiffeners, or laboratory dyes used or needed. Disciples of back-to-nature cooking range from macrobiotic-rice freaks and strict-constructionist vegetarians to people who just like good healthy food without fakery. Donald Bruce White, a caterer who invents party food in New York—Manhattan and Southampton—chose the liberal line in assembling the dishes for this buffet for Vogue. He included fish and chicken, used wine in cooking, but stuck to food that is natural and healthy.

Fish or poultry need not come from "organic" markets. Fish from clear, unpolluted water can often be ordered fresh from a reliable fishmonger, rather than bought frozen at the health-food store. Poultry should be grain fed, not shot up with unnatural things. Tell your butcher what you're looking for, ask him to get it.

Wine can be used in "organic" dishes. Once the wine's alcohol has been evaporated in the cooking, only grape juice remains; and good vineyards grow grapes without chemical sprays. Don White cooked with wine to develop flavors; but only bottled Catawba grape juice and another grape-juice drink called Grapillon were served, as well as freshly squeezed fruit and vegetable juices, at the meal.

Sea salt or raw sugar can wreck your meal. Don White found sea salt too strong when used in the amount specified in ordinary recipes, cut down by one-third or one-half in his dishes. Raw sugar may make things oversweet. Test recipes if substituting raw for refined sugar.

Don't believe everything you hear about health foods. Read labels before you buy. Since most bottled meat glazes are far from "natural," Don White used a substitute made from yeast called Marmite. Organically grown coffee proved hard to find, but he finally turned up a rich Jamaican blend. While searching out coffees, Don White found a sixteen-herb tea called Mu that included cypress, licorice root, ginger, and peach kernels.

Don't count on organically grown fruits or vegetables for a centerpiece. The skins of natural fruits and vegetables may be splotchy, often can't compete esthetically with their chemical-sprayed counterparts, which may even be "color perfected"—dyed. Instead, try seeds, grains, and nuts or a fascinating variety of breads found in health-food stores. Donald Bruce White thought them so intriguing he included several kinds in this meal. His natural-food recipes were adapted from his own favorites and from recipes by the great cookbook writers Craig Claiborne, Dione Lucas, Julia Child.

menu

TO START

ROASTED CHESTNUTS
ROCKET CANAPÉS*
WHOLE HARD-COOKED FERTILE EGGS
UNSALTED NUTS AND TOASTED SESAME SEEDS
CRUDITÉS WITH SEA SALT*

TO CONTINUE

CHICKEN MAJORCA*
POACHED PIKE WITH YOGURT SAUCE*
ZUCCHINI WITH BROWN RICE*

TO DRINK

CATAWBA GRAPE JUICE
GRAPILLON
FRESH VEGETABLE AND FRUIT JUICES

BREADS

SOY BREAD
BUTTERMILK BREAD

TO FINISH

APRICOT MOUSSE*
CHEESES
JAMAICAN COFFEE
MU TEA

*RECIPES FOR STARRED DISHES, OPPOSITE



ALL-REAL FOOD PLANNED BY AN IMAGINATIVE CATERER, DONALD BRUCE WHITE—CALL IT "NATURAL" OR "ORGANIC," IT'S UN-TOUCHED-UP BY THE CHEMISTRY LAB

ROCKET CANAPÉS

Trim ends from 1 bunch rugola ("rocket") and wash in several changes of water. Dry carefully. Chop fine; this should produce about 1 cup. Combine rugola with ½ cup chopped watercress; 2 tablespoons mayonnaise; ¼ teaspoon finely minced garlic; and Tabasco sauce, lemon juice, and salt to taste. Mix well. Spread on thin rounds of trimmed white bread.

CRUDITÉS

Trim most of the green from a bunch of fennel, leaving a little ferny green for color, and trim the root. Slice vertically in half-inch slices. Prepare endive in the same way. Slice string beans and mushrooms in thin slices. Soak all but mushrooms in ice water. Arrange in clumps in a bowl of crushed ice; serve with sea salt or the yogurt sauce below.

YOGURT SAUCE

Peel, seed, and dice enough cucumber to make 1 cup. Sprinkle with salt and let drain in a colander one hour. Squeeze in a linen towel to extract excess water. Combine with ½ cup finely sliced scallions (white part only) and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Stir into 1 quart plain yogurt.

CHICKEN MAJORCA

3½-pound frying chicken
7 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons applejack
1 tablespoon Marmite (or meat glaze)
1 teaspoon tomato paste
1 tablespoon potato flour
2 cups chicken stock
½ cup dry white wine
1 teaspoon red-currant jelly
Salt and pepper
2 oranges
2 teaspoons crushed garlic
3 mushrooms, sliced
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 red bell pepper
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and cut up

Cut chicken in serving pieces. Sauté in 4 tablespoons butter until well browned. Heat applejack, ignite, and pour flaming over chicken. Remove chicken from pan; add to pan meat glaze, tomato paste, flour. Cook and stir until smooth; add stock, wine, jelly, and pepper; bring to boil. Place chicken in casserole and pour sauce over. Simmer, covered, 25 minutes. Peel oranges thinly (use potato peeler); sauté peel, finely shredded, in 3 tablespoons butter; add garlic, salt, and pepper; cook slowly 2 minutes. Add mushrooms and lemon juice; cook 2 minutes. Seed peppers and dice in ½-inch pieces; blanch 1 minute in boiling water. Add to pan; cook 2 minutes. Add olive oil and tomatoes, cook briefly, then oranges—all white pith removed and cut up. Transfer chicken to serving dish, top with these garnishes.

TIAN: ZUCCHINI WITH RICE

2½ pounds fresh zucchini
½ cup brown rice
1 cup minced onions
Olive oil, milk
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 tablespoons flour
⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Salt and pepper

Trim ends of zucchini but do not peel. Coarsely grate and add 1 teaspoon salt for each cup. Let stand in a colander 10 minutes. Squeeze in a linen towel; reserve juice. Combine juice with milk to make 2½ cups; heat.

Drop rice in 2 quarts boiling water; boil 30 minutes; drain.

In a large skillet, sauté onions in 2 tablespoons olive oil until translucent, about 8 minutes; raise heat and cook until lightly brown. Stir in zucchini and garlic and toss until zucchini is almost tender—5 or 6 minutes. Stir in flour and cook about 2 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in liquid; return to moderate heat and simmer, stirring, until thickened. Remove from heat; stir in rice, salt and pepper, and all but 2 tablespoons cheese. Turn into buttered 6-8-cup shallow baking dish; sprinkle with remaining cheese and dribble with additional oil. (May be held at this point for later baking.)

Bring to simmer on top of stove, then bake at 425° until top is browned. Rice should absorb all liquid.

APRICOT MOUSSE

1 cup macaroon crumbs
5 fertile eggs plus 4 yolks
7 tablespoons Turbinado sugar
½ pound dried apricots
2 cups heavy cream (organic farm)
¼ teaspoon almond extract
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2½ envelopes unflavored gelatin

Prepare 8-inch soufflé dish by tying on a buttered paper or aluminum-foil collar reaching at least 1 inch above the dish. Boil apricots in 2 cups water 10 minutes; drain, reserving juice. Puree apricots. Beat eggs and sugar together until mixture holds its shape. Beat cream in metal bowl over ice until it begins to thicken; add extract; whip until soft peaks form. Soften gelatin in lemon juice and 6 tablespoons apricot juice; heat until dissolved. Stir gelatin into apricot puree; fold in egg mixture, then cream. Pour half of mixture into soufflé dish; sprinkle with half of macaroon crumbs; pour in remaining mousse. Chill at least 2 hours. Before serving, remove collar and sprinkle with remaining macaroon crumbs.





where dinner is always a Party

At the Oscar de la Rentas' town house in New York, a theater of things festive to see, eat, talk about

As producer-director of some of the most vividly staged dinner parties in any season, Françoise de la Renta's skill is fantasy mixed with perfection, which means all rough spots are smoothed to allow for last-second exuberancies. Mrs. de la Renta, tall, ebullient, dauntless, the French wife of the Santo Domingo-born American designer, casts each dinner only with "people who are interested in each other," may telephone invitations a month in advance or the same morning. "Last-minute calls aren't insulting," she said. "Either people are marvelously free and terribly happy to come, or not." Dinner à la Renta means that the Greek maid, Dominican maid, British butler (who comes at 5:30 P.M.), and the hostess collaborate for a "curtain" time, 8:15 P.M. usually, which in no way betrays that Mrs. de la Renta has previously "screamed at the fish market to (Continued)

Table stagings Above: *Françoise de la Renta in the sunflower-yellow dining room, the round table covered to match the curtains, the flowered plate typical of china she collects everywhere, preferably in unmatched sets in varying amounts.* Left: *The profusion of the unexpected—a de la Renta hallmark. The few constants: white candles, flowers to agree with the tablecloths (here blue on blue), a Chinese porcelain cat (symbol of happiness).* Right: *Zebra-striped Porthault linen set with nineteenth-century plates, twentieth-century silver, individual Baccarat decanters, the cat centerpiece. The needlepointed geometric pillow on the banquette was worked in favorite colors by Mrs. de la Renta's mother.*

HORST



Where dinner is a party: the Oscar de la Rentas'

(Continued) insist on what I want," taxied to Thirty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue for fresh vegetables, including the rugola she adores, or has suddenly switched her table's color scheme to agree with the orange flowers she couldn't resist when she meant to have blue all along. Men who gather in her drawing room—entirely candlelit, except for a few "feeble" bulbs, and massed with baskets of beige and rose cymbidium, pots of delicate fern, and luxurious palms—are never asked to wear black tie ("so I can invite a mad hippie and not have him feel out of place") and women are always asked "to come as beautiful as you can," which means a long something-or-other. "No hors d'oeuvres to ruin your appetite on and one important course, very peasant, very unexpected." And always colored cloths "to take away all pretensions and amusing centerpieces to start the conversation going." Then she breaks her own rule, sets a glass table all in silver, crystal, white and, breaking more rules, sometimes adds an all-white menu.





Left: *In the sunny, welcoming dining room, pulled away from the banquette that hugs one corner, a round table set in a favorite color scheme, pink-and-brown patched Indian fabric, brown linen napkins and "ordinary brown" plates. Mrs. de la Renta chooses to have her table "a size too small so that everyone will sit very close together and talk together and interrupt so it will be very much alive."* Above: *"This is where it all begins," said Françoise de la Renta of the mirror-and-silver table from Christofle bought in Paris several years ago. When places are needed for more than four, a round tabletop made by a local carpenter fits over it, is hidden by a round cloth. Then one or more round tables are added in the room depending on the size of the party, which rarely runs to more than twelve.* Right: *On the "bamboo"-rimmed mirror table for four, sterling-silver place settings and a pug-dog centerpiece from Paris, filled with bonbons, other times with ice.*

HORST

HOW the most ENTER

Mrs. William F. Buckley, junior: a cool hand for startlers

Pat Buckley moves with speed and grace through her life as the wife of the sharp-penned editor of the National Review—who writes books and a syndicated newspaper column, "On the Right." Pat Buckley speaks with warmth and concentration; her houses and her parties are lively, relaxed. In New York or at the Buckleys' waterside house in Stamford, Connecticut, music is a constant flow, piped all over the garden; and King Charles spaniels rush out from everywhere. Christopher, their nineteen-year-old son, leads a steady youth invasion: one luncheon party planned for sixteen sat down as thirty-one. Meals are always served on round tables for eight or ten guests each. For dinner, guests are invited for 8:30, may come at 9:00 to skip drinks. At 9:15 the food is served—no waiting while flavors fade. Fresh herb flavors come from Pat's garden, with such rarities as hyssop and lovage; and peaches and apples are grown there. Sliced fresh peaches go into sangria Pat makes with one half-gallon Almadén red wine, a wine glass each of Cointreau, Curaçao, Grand Marnier, and brandy. Cheeses, other than Brie and Camembert, are kept fresh and not too hard in their own office-size refrigerator (smells don't reach other foods). Pat Buckley has worked out recipes carefully with her cook, keeps pet menus in big notebooks for easy preplanning.

Pat, very tall, very slim, said, "I eat like mad. Bill says whenever he sees me I'm eating something." She starts with breakfast in bed at seven.



Pat Buckley, right—her life a reel of surprises, among politicians, performers, writers, dogs, and teenage hordes—remains ready

"I get so much done in the early morning; most of my work is over by eleven," she said cheerfully, just as the crew filming her husband for one of his recurring guest performances on television (he also has his own weekly show, Firing Line) blew all the fuses. Pat Buckley knew what to do.

JOY RISES WHILE THE SOUFFLÉ SLUMPS WITH MAXI AND MOUSIE GAINZA PAZ IN ARGENTINA

In Buenos Aires, not a particularly gay town, dramatic seriousness seems to be a sign of education. So, the change at the Gainza Paz' is a delight. Mousie is usually pregnant, usually without help, usually laughing. She sits somewhere, waves people to any seat, tries to stop a son from bicycling around the dining room table, and says, "You will see the tournedos: I told the cook to put toast rounds under them to make your lunch chic-er, but she has balanced them on the top, like the tower of Pisa, and God knows what else!" Everyone is laughing when Maxi comes in from La Prensa, his great newspaper in Argentina. When you leave, the sky of B.A. looks cleaner, the people less intensely lugubrious.

In hot weather, a touch of freeze, from Mme. Hélène Rochas in Monte Carlo

For lunch and sun on the broad terrace of her house in Monte Carlo, Hélène Rochas and her terrific Paris chef think up new bites of frost, plots of hot against cold. Menu to the point: jellied consommé with a scoop of tomato sherbet, small pheasant cooked with prunes and apples, salad, fresh mint sherbet with hot chocolate sauce. The wine: chilled, white, made especially for Hélène by a farmer in Cap-Martin.

MAURICE HOGENBOOM

TAINING —AND HOW THEY GET AWAY WITH IT *people entertain*

THE BIG, BUOYANT FLING:

DINNER FOR FIFTY, GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. OSCAR S. WYATT IN HOUSTON, TEXAS

A blond, young dazzler, Mrs. Wyatt, who was Lynn Sakowitz, lives on a mega-scale. She and her husband think nothing of flying from Texas to the opera in San Francisco or to a theater benefit in New York. As for dinner for fifty, usually for guests of honor such as Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco—piffle. Up comes the antique needlepoint rug in the dining room. Down goes a pale-green party rug (dampens sound). In come five round tables for ten with flowered Porthault cloths, and violinists to play—softly—in front of the fireplace. In the black-and-white marble-floored great hall, a bar runs from cocktails on, with champagne at all hours, and fresh fruit juices for non-drinkers. After dinner a combo arrives to take over the music for dancers. Unlimited vitality and space. Next night? Dinner for eight, maybe, tucked in the wine cellar for a long evening of food and sampling.

SILVER MOON, SILVER SCREEN

On their respective yachts the Loel Guinnesses and producer Sam Spiegel show movies on screens suspended eerily between stars and ripples. Can Duke Wayne upstage the moon?

SCHOOLHOUSE SHARE-INS IN VERMONT— WITH MR. AND MRS. CASEY MURROW

Liza and Casey Murrow (he, the son of Edward R. Morrow) live in a one-room school, are both teachers and stuck on schools. Their book, Children Come First tells of "the inspired work of English primary schools." Parties shape to the Vermont country-school community: Bring-your-own-food-and-on-to-a-square-dance; or a barbecue with three friends who then each invite three of their friends; food from everyone's larder or yard. Liza's specialty after cross-country skiing, blond brownies (butterscotch with chocolate chips) with tea—Liza insists, "good tea from England, properly steeped."

SIR GEORGE WEIDENFELD,

the notable English publisher, gives, with his tall, tawny American wife, some of the best talk-think parties in London. Why? He said: "I entertain to see friends or to gratify my curiosity. If it were not for the whole idea of the salon, which has persisted in France, England, and, via these, America through the centuries, you would parochialize life. The deepest meaning of entertaining is cross-fertilization, bringing new people up, mixing generations. That's why I like big parties. I never put on music. The excitement of conversation carries an evening. People are disarmed by meeting each other, prejudices are shed. Take, for example, this dinner: Pierre Salinger and Guy Choeller are coming from Paris. I am interested in Common Market negotiations, so I have invited one of the top Belgian representatives. To balance this I wanted two historians, so I invited Professor Cunliffe and Professor Obolensky, whom I have never met and who should have much to say to each other. Then Reggie Maudling, who will have a good opportunity to discuss the Common Market off record, and Roy Strong and his wife Julia Trevelyan Oman to represent art. Then I thought—what pieces of the jigsaw are missing? Single women. Therefore I asked Edna O'Brien, for literary interests, and Sarah Giles, to represent the young generation."



LONDON/LOUISIANA LUNCHES. In England Mrs. Mark Littman, above, gives luncheon parties sparked by her spirit—nervous, funny, elegant. She doesn't give dinners, she said in her swooning Louisiana voice, because, "in the evening my pampering energy is low. . . . There's something frivolous about lunch. People can come and go. I never send out cards and I don't give a damn about matching people—it might be all women, or all men. Entertaining shouldn't be taken that seriously, but you should give the best you can. If it's beer, then give the best beer."

A step out of time: The romantic spin at the Brandolinis in Italy

On a Sunday, at Vistorta, the country farm—between Venice and the Dolomites—of Conte and Contessa Brando Brandolini d' Adda, the gates forever open and shut on guests arriving from the dusty country road to the green lawn around the house. Then come trees, and flowers and pools of water, and hens and barns and children, and dogs, and old old ladies, and strangely dressed young men, and beautiful growing girls, and cousins, and handsome footmen, and family, and friends of somebody's friend. Lots of small tables are ready in different rooms; the food, on one immense buffet, comes mostly from the land: the wine, the enormous cheese forms, the polenta cooked to perfection. The orchids, from the hothouse around the corner.

You cannot decide whether to concentrate on the codfish creamed with butter to a white white mousse, on the salad with every taste the earth can give, or on the people. An adolescent girl with floating black hair looks with dreamy eyes at a curly peacock-bright homosexual; a tall old lady has a brilliant conversation with the grey-haired butler; a golden-eyed little boy with freckles tries to feed a greyhound a biscuit with an anchovy.

If you wanted Tolstoy, here you have it.

FLYING TO SUPPER ON AN ALASKAN GLACIER WITH MR. AND MRS. LOWELL THOMAS, JR.

Summer, seventy degrees under the midnight sun, Lowell Thomas, a state senator, flies friends in his ski-wheeled small plane with his wife, Tay, their sixteen-year-old daughter (the family baker), and fourteen-year-old son to a mountain glacier behind Anchorage. Tay packs meals with Alaskan specialties: king crab, salmon or trout caught by Lowell, tiny shrimp, reindeer sausage, moose steak. "Moose meat is delicious," Tay said, "but we rely on presents from hunter friends. Lowell wouldn't shoot a flea."

How the ENTERTAIN



BERT STERN

CALIFORNIA IN NEW YORK AND HANG THE CALORIES: AT THE FREDERICK GUESTS'

Stephanie Guest, left, is small, lean, busy. Her husband is tall, lean, busy. Their parties run to lots of food, friends, calories, blue-jean informality. Stephanie may cook an all-day spaghetti sauce between playing with five-year-old Victoria and studying for her senior-year philosophy courses at Barnard College in New York. The Guests' city pad is for work. Time for friends over is weekends at their Oyster Bay house. Stephanie Guest brought her feeling for country meals, Mexican food, barbecues, raw veg, from her California childhood (she's the actress Joan Bennett's daughter). Pretty paper plates, straw mats, flowery napkins, California wines—keep it easy, keep it bright, keep it good and plenty. Chicken barbecued with a hotly seasoned buttery sauce (family secret). Or veal piccata with guacamole to start. Or Caesar salad with croutons fresh-fried in butter. With any meal, crudités ad libbed with white radishes, zucchini, fennel. The dessert, made by the Scottish housekeeper, Cathie Flannery: pie with a marvel of meringue crust, lemon filling, whipped cream top. Oh well, diet tomorrow.

floor pillows with Mme. Emile Aillaud in Paris

In her formal hôtel particulière, Charlotte Aillaud, Juliette Gréco's sister, plays for surprise: costumes, or fortune-tellers, or the marvelous female impersonators shaking up France. For dinners for ten—no more—floor-cushions appear, food goes peasant. French country menu: salamis, hams, a suckling pig; salad of beets, walnuts, sharp-flavored greens; and potato salad made from the recipe of the great French writer Colette (the trick: getting boiled new potatoes peeled and sliced hot into the best olive oil; then add vinaigrette, parsley, a mince of onion).

How to give a cocktail party for 75 guests

A SPEEDY RUNDOWN OF WHATS AND WHAT-NOTS BY AN INVALUABLE CATERER/ BUTLER, PRESTON LAY

Question: I want to give a cocktail party for seventy-five. I've asked the guests to come from five to seven o'clock. When would you arrive?

Preston: About an hour before.

Q.: I don't like plastic glasses. Can you bring crystal?

Preston: Yes, but that is quite expensive and hard to handle when you have so many people.

Q.: Most people today use plastic?

Preston: Oh, yes. Especially for large groups.

Q.: I have never given a cocktail party for seventy-five before so you've got to help me out.

Preston: You will need about a case and a half of Scotch, a half case of gin, a half case of vodka, and a half case of Bourbon. I think you should

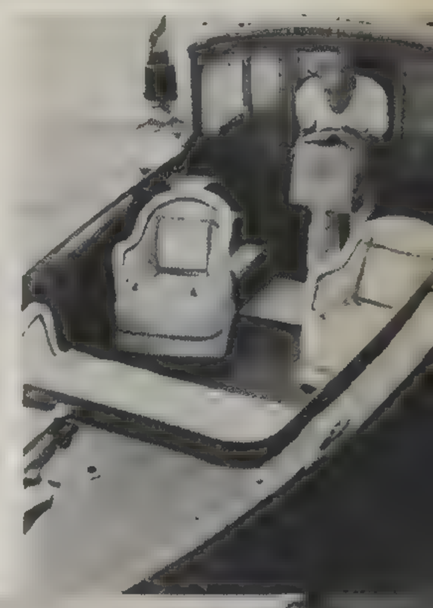
ING—AND HOW A BUTLER PREPARES FOR SEVENTY-FIVE *people really entertain*

get three large cases of club soda.
Q.: Any particular kind?
Preston: No, it makes no difference.
Q.: Do people read the labels?
Preston: No. Then ginger ale. About two cases. Then you will need about a dozen each of lemons and limes.
Q.: Do you find that people are drinking long drinks like gin and tonic and vodka and tonic in the winter?
Preston: No. . . . The average person in the East drinks Scotch.
Q.: Do people ever ask you for a special brand?
Preston: Very seldom. At a bar you would have to give them what they ask for, but at a party you don't do that. You give them **the party** and at a party they drink what you give them.
Q.: Do we need dry vermouth, sweet vermouth?
Preston: Yes, a bottle each.
Q.: A bottle each. With all those people will that be enough?
Preston: Yes. Unless there is the one person out of one hundred who will come in and drink a whole bottle of vermouth.
Q.: Should I buy several bottles of champagne so that I could offer that?
Preston: No. That's a mistake because if you start serving champagne everyone will want that.
Q.: What about rum? Or tomato juice for Bloody Marys?
Preston: No. If you have that many people and there are one or two people to serve, don't have a lot of mixed drinks.
Q.: Just keep everything very simple?
Preston: That's right. This depends, too, on how much you want to spend. Because a party of one-hundred people could go into five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars easily.
Q.: What about canapés . . . can you supply those?
Preston: Yes. Anything you like.
Q.: I need somebody else to serve, don't you think?
Preston: Yes, you need at least three people: two bartenders and a girl who serves canapés. You need two platters. We will supply them.
Q.: At a good cocktail party should you serve a little more than canapés —like a ham?
Preston: No. That makes dinner and then guests stay too long.
Q.: I never thought of that. When you really have a cocktail party you want them to get out.
Preston: That is what a cocktail party is for . . . and not a dinner. That's where a lot of people get mixed. You have to know in advance what you want, and how much money you plan to spend.
Q.: What would you as a bartender bring with you?
Preston: Well, we bring our tools: a shaker, an opener, and a couple of stirrers and things like that.
Q.: I want you from four until eight. What if I said I want you for the whole evening?
Preston: Well, then I would know what to charge you for the whole evening.
Q.: I see. So you give a specific rate, per hour or per evening. . . .
Preston: The main part about giving a party is giving a party and not **knowing** you are giving a party. If you have to run around here and there and pick up that and put down that, it is tiring for you and you don't enjoy yourself and you don't enjoy the party.
Q.: So, you really want the hostess to have a good time herself and not to worry about it. Is there anything **you** can do about making a party a success?
Preston: Yes, keep everybody happy, keep adding food, keep service flowing so people won't have to ask for it.
Q.: In other words be there when you are supposed to be there but not making a fuss about it.
Preston: Yes. Trust me. ▼

GORE VIDAL

The author/playwright gives three-act dinners in Rome for visiting writing and theater folks. Act I: cocktails on Gore's terrace overlooking the old part of the city. Act II: dinner in a handy trattoria. Act III: ice cream and drinks in Bernini's voluptuous Piazza Navonna. No plan-ahead, no production—nice and easy.

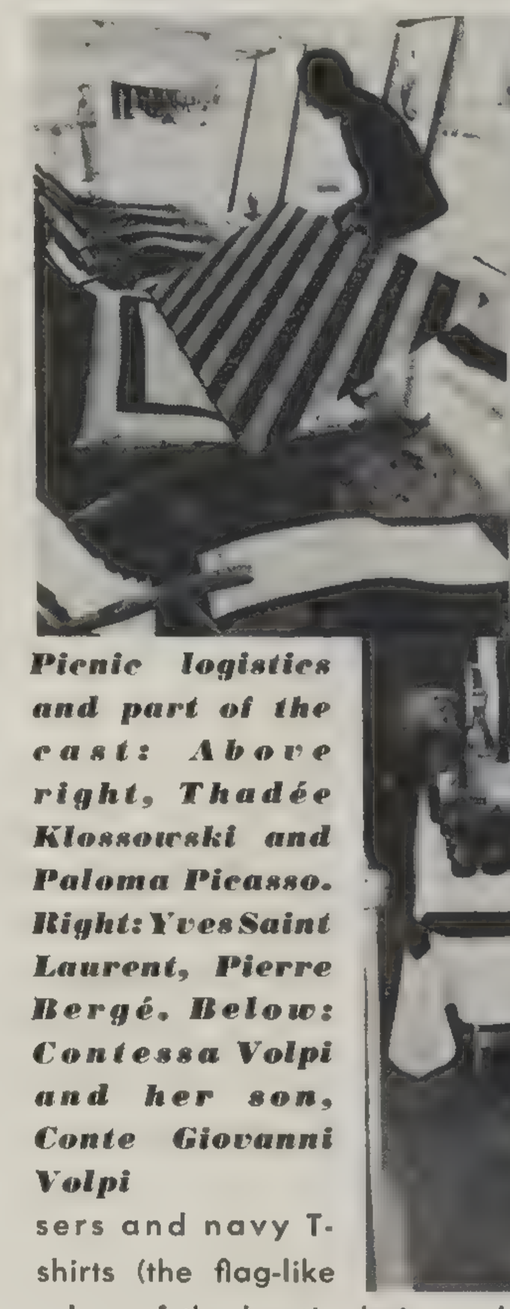
CONTESSA VOLPI DI MISURATA'S BEACH PICNICS AT THE LIDO BALANCE PALAZZO FOOD AND SERVICE WITH A SEA, SAND, SUN SENSE OF ANYTHING-GOES



The most Venetian of the Venetians, Contessa Nathalie Volpi and her son Giovanni open their palazzo for the "Venice Season" and the last hot days at the Lido . . . and, most important, work on saving Venice through UNESCO and other world groups. Her beach picnics are stoppers.

In her palazzo, Contessa Volpi fills leather-bound books, one for beach, one for sit-down dinners, with numbered menus, gives the chef a number each evening —a great time saver with a house full of guests.

Picnic food arrives from the palazzo at the Lido beach tent by motor launch with the guests at 12:30 P.M. While guests swim, two houseboys dressed in white duck trousers and navy T-shirts (the flag-like colors of the boat's chairs and interior) set up the "table," a wooden plank painted in diagonal navy-and-white stripes. Food, plates, silver, all go on this bare board. White wine, San Pellegrino mineral water, and coffee.







Picnic logistics and part of the cast: Above right, Thadée Klossowski and Paloma Picasso. Right: Yves Saint Laurent, Pierre Bergé. Below: Contessa Volpi and her son, Conte Giovanni Volpi

The menu here: Boeuf à la mode en gelée. Cold roast beef, prosciutto ham. Salad of potatoes and tomatoes with basil. Mozzarella cheese sliced on tomatoes with basil, olive oil, lemon, ground pepper. Hot eggplant and tomato baked with mozzarella, a grating of Parmesan cheese. Dessert: small watermelons cut into beautiful basket shapes with watermelon balls in wine-and-lemon sauce.

HOW the ENTERTAIN

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW:

Inside advice from a man who sees everything, Laurence Blanken

Question: First of all, Laurence, what is your title? You're not just a butler, you're not just a caterer. What does one call you?

Laurence Blanken: Family? Party aide? A party consultant.

Q.: How does one go about a party?

Laurence: First of all, you find out if I'm free. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday are party nights. Thursday for most people is the cook's night out and most hostesses like to give parties on the cook's night out. This way the cook doesn't worry about extra work. People are delighted to get invitations for Thursday, too.

Q.: What makes a party magic?

Laurence: The hostess is relaxed. A good hostess isn't too fussy or bossy, insisting a guest has to talk to somebody. Suggest but never insist.

Q.: Then guests create the magic?

Laurence: No, not at all. You can have magical people, but lots of times they are introverted. It takes the hostess to blend one guest with the other, to introduce some topic they know that's the reverse of their business. For example, if you have Cary Grant at a party, don't ask about his business or his Rolls-Royce, or his age, or his clothes. Ask about his baby and you've got him talking all night. Or if guests are from out-of-town, find out if they know someone else in the city and invite those people even if you don't know them. At least they won't walk into the party cold.

Q.: Maybe what a good party really takes is an acting quality on the part of the hostess?

Laurence: It's being onstage and timing. Once the hostess steps offstage, the party will flop. It has to be a performance she dresses for, projects herself into. But she must look relaxed, like a guest.

Q.: How does a hostess rescue people stuck with someone?

Laurence: She goes up and talks to them for a few moments. Then, "Have you met so-and-so . . . he has interests you have . . . I'll take you over to meet him . . . I'll be right back. . . ."

Q.: Do you think pretty girls add a lot to a party?

Laurence: Yes.

Q.: Do you think power-oriented men give a lot to a party?

Laurence: Depends on what age group. There are two kinds of groups, the "always-have-hads" and the young new group of talented people. People love that breath of fresh air.

Q.: A breath of fresh air is almost more important than the food?

Laurence: If food is the most important thing, forget the party. Conversation is the most important thing, and guests, and, above all, the hostess always being prepared. If the guest of honor talks for twenty minutes to his or her dinner partner before they go in to dinner, the hostess should have a second dinner seating plan just in case.

Q.: What makes a good host?

Laurence: A good hostess. A good host is flattering and gentle to the guests. He sees that I'm doing my job, that everyone has a drink.

Q.: How important do you think brand names are with liquor?

Laurence: One of the rudest things is when a person at a party orders a special brand—unless you're Joan Crawford who brings her own 100-proof vodka with her.

Q.: Do you approve of wines in decanters on the table?

Laurence: There are so many changes now. For example, if I notice a woman drinking white and refusing the red, I will pass her the white throughout dinner. The red should remain on the table, not both.

Q.: An all-seeing eye, how do you feel about dinners that are seated and rather extensive, the first course served twice, second course twice?

Laurence: That's a European thing. At one embassy everything is served twice, ladies first and gentlemen second. I suggested to the hostess that this was not a good idea.

Q.: What is this extraordinary technique you have for getting along with other people's help? I feel that in a pinch you wouldn't mind rinsing out a glass.

Laurence: I've washed floors. I always help once I see that the bartenders are all right. I say to the other staff, can I help you arrange the platters, or carve the meat, or let me set up the coffee and why don't you sit down and have a cold drink.

Q.: What do you do when you arrive and the cook isn't feeling well or a waiter is drinking a bit much?

Laurence: Well, I find out what the menu is and I cook. The only thing that matters is not to let Madame know the worst. With the waiter, I just keep him away from the guests and tell him to relax. I wouldn't say that a waiter who is working at a party shouldn't drink. It's like saying don't touch the decorations on the tree. He'll touch anyway. I trust the people I work with and I watch all the time and I have mouth sprays. Nothing is worse than when a hostess smells liquor on the breath of one of the help.

Q.: What do you do if wine is spilled on a good carpet?

Laurence: Salt, and then club soda. Club soda is the best. Strawberry sauce on a white dress and club soda takes it right out. But I like to be helpful in other ways. Sometimes a lady will come in with her zip or a hook-and-eye undone or with only one earring on and I'll fix it or tell her.

Q.: What is the next best substitute for silver platters? Is it earthenware?

Laurence: You can't use earthenware to serve. It's too heavy and cumbersome and it chips terribly. It's a question of silver or porcelain. One thing I feel strongly about and I mention is that no silver, crystal, or good china should go in the dishwasher.

Q.: About flexibility and last-minute changes. . . .

Laurence: If the soufflé collapses you should always have fresh fruit, or ice cream with a liqueur. If guests don't show, it's another matter. I don't think any hostess should wait for anybody. Don't necessarily take the place away. You can put a toy giraffe in his or her place and say to the next person this is your dinner partner—make a joke out of it. The only thing I think is appalling, at a dinner, is for people to be late.

AUDREY HEPBURN DOTTI

Three for-sures when Audrey Hepburn Dotti entertains: 1, embracing light, mostly candles; 2, floods of flowers; 3, bossa nova music, pitched—soft, seductive—under the conversation.



ING –HOW AN INSIDER SEES THEIR PARTIES *people entertain*

PRINCIPESSA DOMIETTA HERCOLANI: *first she dives for the meal*

If Domietta Hercolani invites you for lunch in Italy, wear a bikini and lots of suntan oil. She will pick you up in her motorboat and shoot you off to some enchanted bay. A sailor on board throws the anchor where the water is transparent and silvery and hands the "principessa" water goggles, a knife, and a round life belt with a net hanging from it. Domietta dives into the sea and, her hair sticking to her face like a golden helmet visor, suddenly disappears underwater.

In time she returns, dragging her net of dark-purple, shining, spiky sea urchins. The sailor halves them so their coral insides and mustard-colored pulp are ready to eat. Slices of lemon and champagne come out of the icebox; plates, glasses, and small spoons from nowhere. The most heavenly lunch in the world: the sun, sea urchins, the sun, iced champagne, the sun, cool seawater, the sun, and Domietta.

SHE SAYS SHE'S A HIT-OR-MISS HOSTESS. BUT SHE'S ONE OF THE BEST. [ANSWERS FROM MRS. HENRY J. HEINZ, II OF NEW YORK AND LONDON]

Are conventional parties obsolete?

Grand dinner parties are becoming obsolete. They are death, unless you get next to the Guest of Honor—there always is a Guest of Honor.

Cocktail parties are still good, but they are at the wrong time. Another hostess once said of me, "Drue is the only person who would dare give a cocktail party at 10 P.M." Actually, this is my favorite form of entertaining: 10 P.M. onwards—forever if necessary—everyone is relaxed—guests can drink a slow Scotch or cold champagne and around midnight eat some hot food.

What are the essentials?

First, to invite your really best friends who love you in spite of maybe lousy food, uniced or stingy drinks, or ghastly people. They are your "love" group and they must always be there, although you may not exchange a word with them until the next morning's post mortem.

What constitutes atmosphere?

Atmosphere is created by what percent of people turn up happy and looking forward to a good time. If the moon is full, nothing will go right. It is hardly ever the hostess who makes a good party anyway.

As for the actual air, perfume is risky—those heavy house scents either seem to get into the food or create a slightly church-y atmosphere.

What degree of formality?

I play this by ear. If it is for a special event or foreign visitors, I send cards giving the correct name, and so on. To best friends I call up and say, "Come, please, I need you."

Entertaining hints?

I never have taken one, or given one. The biggest flop parties I've heard of are those where the flowers matched the napkins, matched the cloths, matched the soup, ad infinitum. . . . NOBODY NOTICES. They want to see their enemies for another "brawl-in" or their friends for a cozy gossip.

I sweat out ideas for a party for a month, worry a lot, then thirty-six hours before, I get an idea, drive everyone crazy achieving it.

I think people like good peasant food, but it is the most difficult to achieve. This idea led me to give a chili con carne for a late supper dance in London, and the remarks about the "mince" were horrific! The British are not going to try anything new at midnight, thank-you! Americans are much more polite and will eat with interest anything that's served.

I am, as you see, a purely "hit" or "miss" hostess. I find writers and painters are very good guests, as they get straight into what they are currently tussling with—and the feathers usually ruffle very fast. I have never had a writers' fight in my house—only a near miss between two Englishmen, both in love with an English lady writer—one saying to the other, "Weren't you everyone's fag at Eton when I was there?" That's the moment to push plates and glasses firmly into their hands.



Sunflowers, caviar, and pots of paint

For the artist Niki de Saint-Phalle, food is a third art

In a transformed inn outside Paris, beyond a garden of falling-down sunflowers, Niki de Saint-Phalle, creator of the huge, joyous painted sculptures called Nanas, clears one end of an endless table littered with wire, tin, iron screws, plastic—the stuff of Jean Tinguely's sculpture—and sets out the best of a few things: paté de foie gras, buckets of caviar and its trimmings, fresh fruit, pails of vodka and champagne. And then there is Niki, in blue jeans, shirt, shawl, big felt hat, and a whirl of fast, fascinating talk. Need more? ▼

PEOPLE ARE TALK



RON FIELD'S EXUBERANT REVIVAL OF "ON THE TOWN"

With a new slope on the well-aged Broadway musical, Ron Field, the director-choreographer, takes a wisecracking way with hit period-pieces, not much nostalgia but lots of irreverent dash—Cabaret, Applause, and now the Leonard Bernstein-Betty Comden-Adolph Green On the Town. Field makes his rerun

ING ABOUT...



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Jesus Christ Superstar, the controversial Broadway musical about a gang of Galilean hippies, a triumph in spite of itself, a slick combination of the worst motives and an earnest, tender seriousness that grabs almost everyone in a barrage of sights and sounds—the likes of which haven't been seen since the staged Ben Hur was playing the Broadway Theatre. Overheard in the lobby: "You know, Judas wasn't half bad, after all."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Maurice, E. M. Forster's posthumously published novel, true and deep, amazingly modern for a book written in 1913–1914. Forster wrote, "The body is deeper than the soul. . . ." . . . "Russian Avant-Garde, 1908–1922," part of the important resurrection of Russian revolutionary art now at the Leonard Hutton Galleries in New York. . . . The new album Barbra Joan Streisand.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre, the Los Angeles experimental theater ensemble now at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, that turns the audience on with a soft touch, the actors caressing and massaging the spectators.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, Edward Bond's highly charged play Lear with man seen as a small, caged creature, cowering behind the bars of his own making, terrorized and forlorn. . . . Larry Poons's almost single-handed revival of the Romantic urge in painting, at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery in New York. . . . Philip Roth's new book, Our Gang, a mass-media satire that apes the style of Nixon's speechwriters so well that Roth might have been one.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Tulsa, the tortured book of photographs by Larry Clark, part document, part speculation on the abandoned world of the speed freak.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The cross-country wave of theaters that show old movies, opening at the rate of one a week. . . . James Taylor, cool singer of sad songs, November 29 and 30 at Carnegie Hall. . . . Josef Albers paintings and prints at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, powerful in their unyielding absoluteness. . . . Return to the Chateau, the sequel to Pauline Réage's porno-classic The Story of O, with its supposition that all women are masochists. . . . Ann-Margret in the television production of spoof-musical Dames at Sea, November 15.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The surprising increase in the prices being paid for antique silver and porcelain on the international auction blocks, silver and porcelain now considered safer investments than Old Masters. . . . Salute to the Thirties, an extraordinary album of photographs by Horst and Hoyningen-Huene of the personalities that made and unmade a decade.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The exhibition of shaped canvases by Ellsworth Kelly at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York. . . . The revival of Brecht's Mother Courage, directed by Herbert Machiz and starring Lotte Lenya, with some newly discovered songs from an early production, at the University of California at Irvine. . . . The book The Lüscher Color Test, a personality test with color cards devised by Dr. Max Lüscher, suddenly a revealing but not very endearing party game.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Glenda Jackson's remark about her career so far, "I'm sick of playing crazy neurotic women. From now on, I want to play queens."

of On the Town fast, funny, 'forties with three sailors on twenty-four-hour leave in New York when New York was the fun city. Field plows through the bad jokes and forgettable songs with a winning, dancing determination: Bernadette Peters, second from the right, as a taxi driver on the make, steals the show with a dirty gargle of a song "I Can Cook Too." Cooking, too: left to right, Donna McKechnie, Kurt Peterson, Phyllis Newman, Ron Field, Bill Gerber, Bernadette Peters, Jess Richards.

ELLIOTT ERWITT

TOGETHER ON TELEVISION THIS MONTH IN A RARE EVENT

SIR JOHN GIELGUD

"You must not be afraid to use your bad qualities onstage"

"Did you know that when Ralph Richardson and I met in 1930 we started out with the greatest feelings of hostility? That was when Ralph first came to the Old Vic in London. We worked together in *The Tempest* that year, and then were together in eight or ten other Shakespeare plays. The moment he began to understand me, he became fond of me and I of him, in that funny way of opposites getting on. We've been friends ever since. He's enormously tolerant where I'm concerned. Actually, in life, he's inclined to be somewhat narrow in his summing up of people. He takes very strong views of people. But the moment you appeal to something in his nature, he responds enormously. He's immensely interested in many other things besides the theater. He's mechanically minded, he knows about furniture and pictures and clocks and cars and aeroplanes—and the way everything works. And he paints rather well. He goes to films and plays with some reluctance. He is not a very eager audience; but when he does go, he's enormously perceptive. He observes everything with great technical appreciation.

"The thing about Sir Ralph is that you think he's very eccentric—that he's blinkered—that he doesn't see much. But he takes refuge in this because he's very, very shy. He finds strangers at social occasions difficult to cope with. He loathes going to parties, public dinners, and appearing on television or being interviewed. But, in some extraordinary way, he has this actor's instinct that when he's forced to do things he does them with immense charm. But, as I say, Ralph has a great urge to work in many other fields, and that is where, alas, we part company. I mean, I'm not any good at all in sports or machinery. I don't play cards or tennis or squash. I don't drive a car. I don't swim. I often thought of making a list of all the things I can't do—it would make a complete book. I can't do anything really, and I sometimes think I can't act, as well."

That remark was typical; for Sir John Gielgud, now sixty-seven, seems to have an *idée-fixe* about self-denigration. He had hoped, for example, that his recently published biography, *John Gielgud,* by Ronald Hayman, would contain a long chapter devoted to his failures—his failures as an actor, as a director, as a man. Gielgud has inexplicably come to distrust and perhaps even dislike himself, not in any overt way, of course, but in (Continued on next page)

PENN

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

"The trouble with us actors is that we are not wicked enough"

"Friendship is so rare in this world, it must be treasured. Curiously enough, I started out disliking Sir John Gielgud very much. I disliked his personality. I was asked to go to the Old Vic —that was in 1930—and he was a tremendous success. A director came to me and said, 'Look, we're going to lose the great John Gielgud next year, and we would like you to serve with us, and then, when he leaves, you would be our next leading man.' Well, that was a great opportunity. I was very young and, of course, very thrilled to have been asked. Gielgud had just played his famous Hamlet, and I came down. From the very first I didn't like him. I kept saying to myself, 'I don't like this chap.' He wore such fancy clothes, while I was very plain and square. I didn't think it was right for a man to wear all those rather curious and daring outfits.

"Then it came about that we put on *The Tempest,* and John played one of his most distinguished roles—Prospero. I played Caliban. I had great difficulty in finding my characterization. One day, Gielgud came up to me and said, 'You seem to be having some difficulty over this first scene of yours, don't you, Ralph?' And I said, 'Yes, I am.' He said, 'Would you like to stay after rehearsal and we could run it over. Perhaps I could help you with it.' Well, I didn't like the idea of that at all. But I couldn't very well say No. So I said, 'All right.' And we did the scene—my opening scene. We took it line by line, and what he told me was so excellent, so absolutely helpful, although he was a younger man than me, and after an hour I went away and thought, 'This chap Gielgud knows a lot about his job. I admire that man very much indeed.' Then, slowly, out of admiration I suppose, I banished my dislike of him. He continued to be extremely nice to me. He knew a great deal more about things than I ever did. For instance, it was John who introduced me to music. I recall how (Continued on next page)

TWO OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACTORS, Sir John Gielgud, *far left,* and Sir Ralph Richardson, repeat the magnificent performances they gave in David Storey's *Home* during its limited Broadway run last season when, on November 29, the play, with its original cast, appears on PBS television stations across the United States.

TWO INTERVIEWS BY JOHN GRUEN

Two interviews, continued

SIR JOHN GIELGUD:

"Failures teach one more than one's successes"

a melancholy, almost self-indulgent way. In understated, beautifully modulated phrases, he lingers on the subject of what he *could* have done, of what he *hasn't* accomplished, of how things might have turned out had he only been wiser, less impatient, less self-involved, less spoiled, less tied to "Establishment" theatrical rules and practices. Hearing him, one might quite easily forget that John Gielgud has become a theatrical legend.

Sir John suggested I come to see him in his London house on Cowley Street, one of those short, private, silent streets that cluster behind Westminster Abbey.

Gielgud opens the door himself. He is dressed in casual attire: brown trousers, a blue, short-sleeved shirt open at the neck, house slippers. The house is small and compact. The rooms suggest proportions designed for people somewhat shorter than Sir John, who is a tall man. I am led into the dining room. Two whippets rise elegantly, and another dog, a black Lhasa, trots happily toward us. Passing through the dining room, I suddenly hear the nervous chirp of birds. I momentarily see them fluttering in cages affixed along one wall in the downstairs bathroom. But I am quickly guided up a flight of stairs that leads into Gielgud's Edwardian sitting room. Velvet-covered chairs and settees; side tables with silver or marble bibelots; paintings of the modern French and English schools hang in gold frames; glassed-in bookcases full of beautifully bound volumes—it is a rich and varied library. Sir John sits down by a window, presenting the image of an aristocratic, latter-day Kean.

He begins by voicing his dissatisfaction with his biography: "It's terribly difficult to write a biography of a living person. Oh, the book is adequate. It's a record. Actually, the pictures are the nicest thing in it. I'm afraid it doesn't have much of a point of view. When I read it, I felt the author didn't know me at all. I could have written it better myself, and with more authority and much more amusingly."

Gielgud lights a cigarette. He coughs rather loudly, clears his throat harshly; but instantly the famous voice, smooth, sonorous and melodious, returns. He speaks of his visit to New York during which he directed Edward Albee's play *All Over*. The play unsettled him, as did Albee himself. "The play was done in much too big a theater. I begged Albee and his producer, Richard Barr, not to go into that theater. It wants a much smaller theater. At any rate, we had two weeks of previews, and the house was packed. But when it opened, nobody came to see it. When the reviews came out, Albee went into two days' sedation. He couldn't believe it when nobody bothered to buy a ticket. Of course, Americans cannot bear things about death.

"In some ways, directing has given me more pleasure than acting, because I love working with the other actors, with the scene designers, the lighting people (Continued on page 142)

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON:

"By not understanding life, I remain young"

one day he asked me whether I played music. I said, 'Well, I've got a gramophone.' And he asked, 'What records have you got?' I said, 'I've only got one record and it's called "Tea for Two." It's a very good record!' John looked at me and said, 'Do you listen to any other kind of music?' I said, 'No.' He then proceeded to lend me a few of his own records—he had hundreds—and they were records of the music of Bach, which I enjoyed tremendously. For the first time I came to appreciate music, which had been completely closed to me.

"You see, John was a much better educated man than I was. He had gone to much better schools, although I don't think he ever read as much as I did in those days. Anyway, from that time on, we formed a long and lasting friendship, and I admire him very much—although I think he now has a rather sad life. He's one of my favorite actors and my very favorite director. Whenever I have a play, I usually ask for him. I thought he directed Albee's *All Over* very well. The positioning of the people was utter perfection. He has such an eye!

"I should tell you that John gave me my first starring part in the West End. It was Somerset Maugham's last play, called *Sheppy*. Gielgud was very bold to entrust me with that wonderful part. I was only twenty-seven, and I played a man of sixty-five. That was a daring thing to do."

Sir Ralph Richardson lives far more grandly than Sir John Gielgud. One might say he lives in opulence and splendor. The five-storied Georgian house where he lives with his wife, in London's elegant Chester Terrace, overlooks Regents Park. Each floor contains rooms of great size and airiness, and everywhere, some splendid piece of furniture—some carpet, clock, or decorative object—lends beauty and symmetry to interiors clearly designed for dignified, not to say rarefied living.

All this belongs to Sir Ralph, who walks about this ravishing house wearing an old, rather seedy tweed jacket, smoking an awkward, large pipe, wearing bifocals, looking for all the world like a portly, roughhewn, eccentric guest, not really at ease within the confines of such elegance. It is only when Sir Ralph begins to speak that one notes the inherent austerity and breeding of his person and character. He presents a simple, unassuming, even graceless exterior that seems calculated to keep one at bay, but that finally—and if he takes to you—transforms into an open, endearing courtliness and charm.

When I arrive at Chester Terrace, a butler opens the door and silently takes me into a two-person elevator that rises to the top floor and Sir Ralph's study. My host rises to greet me. He is taller than I had imagined, and his round face, with its pronounced forehead bearing that familiar "concentration" crease between the brows, the large nose, the ruddy, pink skin, suggests a man of peasant sturdiness—a solid, no-nonsense person, someone who knows his mind and has perhaps settled with a certain finality into the fabric (Continued on page 142)

Mrs. James B. Reston describes dinner with CHOU EN-LAI

"Please don't eat the lotus leaves"

The atmosphere was straightforward, the food exquisite, the conversation illuminating, the furniture intelligently designed, and the seating arrangement logical at one of the most remarkable dinner parties of the twentieth century, the momentous five-hour meeting when Premier Chou En-lai, of the People's Republic of China, entertained American dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. James Barrett Reston of Washington, D.C.: Scotty Reston, vice-president of *The New York Times* and one of the most powerful and thoughtful journalists of our time, and his wife Sally were working guests. Mr. Reston was allowed to tape pre-dinner conversation, but in one panicked moment he whispered to his wife that he might be in trouble and asked her to take notes anyway, "just in case." Sally Reston, a deeply courteous, superbly intelligent woman, a Phi Beta Kappa ("I married above me," her husband once said), and mother of three sons, diffident about her own early married years in London as a reporter, said later—with relief—that the tape worked fine. Dinner was another matter. No tapes allowed; but Mrs. Reston could take notes in her lap, eating and chatting meanwhile. Because she "listened so hard" recording the spectrum of Mr. Chou's far ranging concerns for China's relations with the world, as well as his acute cares for Mr. Reston's comfort (would he remove his jacket since the Premier had shed to his short-sleeved, tieless white silk shirt?) and his digestion ("please don't eat the lotus leaves"); Sally Reston thinks some of her impressions, recorded in the palm-sized brown notebook with a red number XIV inked on the cover, are blurred. With Mrs. Reston's quality of mind, blurred impressions are equivalent to other people's extrasensory perceptions.

The Premier's party took place one outrageously hot August evening in the Fukien Room of the Great Hall of the People, built in 1959 in Peking, on the lighted, willow-lined Tienanmen Square overlooking the Gate of the Forbidden City. Mr. Reston wore a navy business suit and Mrs. Reston "a very, very simple, sleeveless dress," white-and-blue print cotton, with a string of pearls, stockings, and white shoes, unlike her ordinary traveling costume of slacks, Chinese socks, and sandals. Dress is unique in China simply because it doesn't exist. "Everyone's a twin," Mr. Reston said; and men and women alike wear baggy pants, a white or light-blue shirt. A print shirt is seen occasionally, a skirt is rare.

They were nine guests in all, including Mr. Chou and his Harvard-schooled interpreter, the Restons, their interpreter, a Chinese foreign officer, a male secretary, and two women secretaries. The Premier sat before a screen showing a prospect of mountains, Mrs. Reston noting that "screens are not only used for ornament but for privacy at approaches to doorways." In a room of summer-feeling furniture, of grass matting, silken scrolls, quiet beige textures against dark, solidly beautiful furniture, there was, at the pre-dinner interview, a table for each guest, set with a pad, four or five pencils, a fan, an ashtray and matches, a lidded Celadon tea cup, and a washcloth of simple toweling. Green tea, alone, was served instead of cocktails, a rarity in China. "A second cup is better than the first," the Premier told the Restons.

Shortly before ten o'clock, dinner was served at a round table deeper into the Fukien Hall but by no means centered. It was covered with white damask, each place set with a place card, matching napkin, a small china plate, ivory chopsticks, three glasses, and clustered with various bowls of foods in the middle. There weren't any flowers. The journalist and his wife were seated together directly opposite their courteous, grave host—an arrangement, Mrs. Reston said, that allows "coherent conversation, being able to catch the eye of your host with none of that turning to the left and right."

The menu, written on a white card in Chinese (and since termed by Chinese food experts "certainly a banquet, a bit perhaps on the light side") included traditional Fukien dishes from the seacoast area north of Canton, famous for seafood and soups: "a never-ending stream of food," of delicate fish and meat dishes alternated with soups. "It would be misleading," thought Mr. Reston, "to say that the meal was served in courses." Guests helped themselves and one another to the dishes already placed on the table, to the chilled green string beans, the hot prawns, tiny pieces of duck, white fish in golden crumbs, slivers of tomatoes. Plates were exchanged for soup bowls and china spoons in a matching blue-on-white chrysanthemum pattern by two waitresses in long pants and long-sleeved white shirts, differing not a speck in appearance from the secretaries seated at the table. The soup, ladled from a large bowl just before a main dish of cold sliced lean beef, was an oyster broth floated with tiny oysters and slices of cucumber; after the meat came the Three-most-tasty-thing soup composed of seemingly four ingredients: ground shrimp, quail eggs, cabbage, and sea slugs—the latter a bit slippery for Mrs. Reston's taste. A delicious homemade white bread with butter seemed to replace the more traditional rice and possibly was a special offering to the Americans. A fork and knife accompanied the beef and another dish of pork ground with herbs and spices wrapped in lotus leaves. The tiny cakes and cookies, including tenderly made tangerine tarts —the size and shape of tangerine segments—preceded still another soup thickened with miniature two-inch-long cobs of corn. And last, wafer-thin triangles of watermelons, both red and yellow. Drinks offered throughout dinner included a choice of a Mao Tai liquor (a kind of schnapps made of sorghum), a dark sweet wine, beer, and—familiar to patrons of American snack bars—a carbonated orange drink.

Sally Reston recalls a general air of helpfulness, of there being no feeling of an elite group, of everyone from secretary to Premier contributing to the conversation, and of "a kind of simple courtesy that couldn't be called manners in the sense of saying a lot of pleases and thank-yous or shaking hands. The Chinese lack of ostentation, their spartan quality, their dignity seem lovely to me."

A few minutes after midnight the Premier took the Restons to the door of the Hall, which Mr. Reston said, "could not have been more than a quarter of a mile away. It was, as we say back home, quite a night." ▼

escape clothes

nifty new looks
for all the sun places,
all the sun times...
and sometimes
a little later



A little T in the sun, left—wear-with-all for pants, shorts, skirts, everything. Navy squared off in white, with long dolman sleeves, cuffed white shorts. By Nancy Gundersen for Manhasset Casuals. The shirt is of Kodel and cotton (fabric by Armtex), about $13. Shorts, of rayon and nylon, about $16. Available December, at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Pack up your blues, right—denim blues, what else?—mandarin-collared shirt and shorts with a long-sleeved shirt to go over both—three easy pieces to make living in the sun everything it's cracked up to be. Wilroy turnout, of Du Pont nylon. Short-sleeved shirt, about $20. Long-sleeved shirt, about $24. Shorts, about $18. December, at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; Sakowitz; May D & F. Coiffures, these six pages, by Franklyn Welsh. All accessories, next to last page of this issue.



Escape knits—bare and covered

New version of *that* T-shirt, left—the one launched in St. Tropez and heard round the world. Now, in dress form—a breezy little skim of navy knit with those narrow trumpet sleeves and rounded slits; and that irresistible T-shirt price—about $13. By Nancy Gundersen for Manhasset Casuals, made of Kodel and cotton (Armtex fabric). This, at Altman's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros. Lots of skin, lots of buttons, right: a smidge of plum knit—hardly more than a slip—for the times you'd like something very small and sexy. A Ban-Lon dress of Antron nylon by 499 Division of Kloss • Pruzan. About $44. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

PENN





Short and snappy, left—white knit battle jacket snapped up the front and buckled over matching pants and a shrinky black sweater—keeps its cool on a plane, in a car—however you go, wherever you're headed. By Halston International, of wool. Jacket, about $54. Pants, about $40. December, at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

Longer and swinging, right—new length of blazer, belted in back, over easy trousers and a tailored black satin shirt—the perfect little pants tailleur in crisp linen-y white. Turnout by Anne Klein, of rayon. Blazer, about $120. Pants, about $70. Shirt, of acetate and nylon, about $56. December, at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's. All accessories, next to last page, this issue.


for a clean
escape—the
white pants suit
PENN


Escape
stripes–open
to the sun

The skirt you want for the sun, left —light, bright, easy, and very air-conditioned. Red-and-navy stripes on off-white cotton with buttons all the way and a bare little navy tank top —the kind of look that's still going strong after the sun goes down. By Anne Klein. Skirt, about $58. Top, of nylon, about $20. Available December at Lord & Taylor; O'Neil's; L.S. Ayres; The Denver; Joseph Magnin. The bathing-suit sweater, right, navy-and-red knitted stripes: bare, shrinky, cut way, way up on the legs —everything a real tank suit should be. Here, worn a new way—over navy wool beachcomber pants, cuffed just above the knee. By Mic Mac. Wool suit, about $35. Pants, about $30. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's. All accessories, next to last page. Beauty Prompter: One good way to get a good tan going—Coppertone Suntan Lotion; works for all skin types, moisturizes and helps skin stay soft as it turns a rich golden brown.



Escape with your prints— the sun-day shirtdressing

Geometrics in the breeze, left—bright, bold blues and oranges on a little white silk shirtdress with a narrow waist, flippy pleats, and enough easy good looks to take you from breakfast right through dinner. By Leonard Fashion, of knitted silk. About $300. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak. Ready-for-anything knit, right—blue-and-green bridle-bit print the way we love to see it—shirt-collar opened, sleeves cuffed and pushed up, your trusty navy pullover tied at the waist. Dress by Serbin Fashions, of polyester. About $36. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros.; Neusteters; Frederick & Nelson. Three classics, far right—the crisply tailored shirt, side-slit kilt, and navy-and-beige Liberty print—a very fresh, appealing way to dress when the skies are blazing and your spirits high. Turnout by Gloria Sachs; Liberty of London cotton print. Skirt, about $45; shirt, about $24. December, at Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.





Escape
in print



Fair-weather friend, left: pouffy sleeves, flippy skirt—a delicious little dress of grey-and-brown silk monkey print, to breeze around in from one end of the sun day to the other. Ken Scott. About $165. Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus. The real thing, above—a shirtdress that's cut exactly like a shirt from the collar right down to the shirt-tail hem—brown with a tiny white snowflake print and white rickrack edges. By Beene Bazaar; rayon and cotton. About $30. December, at Altman's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Come rain, come shine, right, you won't miss a beat in this nifty water-proof pants suit—flowered black chintz with a short midriff-baring jacket. By Ann Tjian for Tjian Limited, of cotton. About $60. December, at Henri Bendel; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; Burdine's. Accessory details, next to last page.

PENATI



PENN

Touch and show

THE WHOLE NEW LOOK AND FEEL OF ACCESSORIES NOW

Jewelry like sculpture, not only to wear but to hold in your hand, look at, touch...the most sensuous and modern designs ...strong, simple, uncluttered... in marvelous natural materials such as ivory, gold, leather, shark, ebony, silver. Wonderful to give—or be given.

The purest, smoothest line—and the newest: Elsa Peretti's sculptured silver shapes, both pages, that are changing everyone's way of thinking about jewelry.... ***SILVER AND SHINING SKIN,*** *left,* and everything centering around a silver oval—worn here as a buckle, a real clincher for the barest white satin halter, $80; Bloomingdale's. With it, a slender curve of silver at the neck, to order at Halston; silver cuffs at each wrist, $150 apiece; Bloomingdale's.

SILVER AND SHINING SATIN, *right,* two materials that seem to just flow on and on—the belt links two silver hip plates and ties with satin; the ring on the finger and the single one on the ear pick up the gleam. All silver jewelry, both pages, by Elsa Peretti for Halston. Earring and belt, to order at Halston; ring, about $50, at Bloomingdale's. White satin dinner pyjamas, about $450; and halter opposite, about $125. Both in double-faced satin; to order at Halston Limited. On both pages: Schiaparelli wigs of Elura; arranged by Maury Hopson.

LEATHER AND METAL,

left: black cowhide thongs strung with silvered discs—shining three at a time on the hip. By Accessocraft. $25, each. Saks Fifth Avenue. Exercise accessory: Isotoner body suit that helps whittle while it's worn; by Aris.

PURE IVORY, MOLTEN GOLD,

below: free-form rings by the handful, flowing over and under, this way and that, each one different from the next, and all from $170 to $200, at the Jewel Boutique at Van Cleef & Arpels.

Touch and show

Silver worked with grainy cowhide...ivory smoothly interlocked with gold... natural materials in natural combinations... and each

with a life of its own ...ivory mellowing...leather burnishing...silver taking on a soft patina, with rubbing... with time.

PENN



CLEAN SILVER SHAPES... silver looping black cowhide at the waist, $180; Bloomingdale's...silver earrings dotted with ivory, to order at Halston...flowing silver cuff, $155; at Bloomingdale's: all by Elsa Peretti for Halston. Silvery watch by Vendôme, here on a leather cuff. $26. At Altman's. Acrylic sweater by Halston International. About $14. At Bonwit Teller.

THE SKIN OF A SHARK, rough-textured, pliant, combined in a necklace with gold, $118. At Gübelin. Chrome watch strapped in leather; by Hamilton. $70. At William Barthman. Silver bangles by Four Stars. Each, $40. Wool body sweater by Korrigan for Jax. About $32. Strapped leather wedge boots: Shoe Biz, Henri Bendel.

SMOOTH IVORY, POLISHED HARDWOOD, *left* — pure shape, pure calm. Ivory necklace by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice. About $82. Henri Bendel. Ivory cuff and ivory ring worked with silver, both by Elsa Peretti for Halston. Cuff, to order at Halston. Ring, about $50. Bloomingdale's. Two big cuffs in West Indian hardwood, rubbed and rubbed—as only wood can be—to a rich deep gleam; by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice. Each, $22. Five slim hardwood bangles, these with the same dark shine; by Jean Charles Brousseau. About $14 each. All bracelets, at Henri Bendel. The splendid white caftan they're worn with is by Halston Limited; in Dacron and cashmere (Amicale fabric). About $260. At Bloomingdale's. The coiffures, here and on the preceding page, are by François of Kenneth.

IVORY AND EBONY, *below,* little pieces of sculpture as individual in shape, markings, and color as a fingerprint. All by Catherine T. Noll for Fabrice. Each, $38 at Henri Bendel.

GOLD AND CORDED LEATHER, *right*—a real thriller: sculptured gold claws sprung from a slender thong, gripping the waist. Cartier. Aris Isotoner body suit of nylon and spandex. About $70. Bergdorf Goodman.

Touch and show

Silver, smooth and luminous against white shining satin ...the whiteness of white cashmere combined with pieces of ivory ...ebony's dark stark gleam; with lots of chamois. This whole new modern feeling that accessories have now isn't a thing apart—it's what you need and want with the clothes of today.

PENN



FURS—NEW OFFHAND DASH DAY AND NIGHT

BLACK LAMB, PALE MINK... A polo-shirt tunic, left, in black-dyed LUXE-Y, CLASSIC...WANTED Swakara lamb—wherever a dinner suit would be right, this, over skirts or pants with a beautiful shirt underneath, would be super-right: a really sharp, shining way to look at the theater, a restaurant...all the small-evening places. By Anne Klein for H.B.A. Furs, of dyed black Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa. Made to order at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin. The white shirt, scarf, and black wool jersey skirt, to order at Halston Limited. Elura wig by Schiaparelli, arranged by Maury Hopson. A mink polo coat, right—the palest of pale beiges—to wrap yourself into every day. Later: throw it over something black and plunge-y... and plunge into the night. Leo Ritter for Ritter Bros., of Palomino Saga mink from Scandinavia. At Ritter Bros.; Titche's, Dallas; Goldwaters. The navy-blue jersey jumpsuit (jacket not shown); Jasco Fabrics matte jersey. To order at Halston Limited. Kanekalon wig by Mr. John; arranged by Maury Hopson. For all accessory details on both pages, see the next to the last page this issue.

PENN



FURS—NEW OFFHAND DASH DAY AND NIGHT

FUR JACKET IN BROADTAIL, Shining black broadtail, left, belted over black MINK IN MARVELOUS SHAPE velvet trousers—if not the absolutely sleekest, luxe-iest, most perfect pants tailleur ever: then very, very close—a simply terrific way to put yourself together for the whole gamut of small evenings. By Emeric Partos (jacket of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb, rayon velvet pants); to order, Bergdorf Goodman. Elura wig by Schiaparelli, arranged by Maury Hopson. Mink with a wonderful figure, right—to make the most of the wearer's own: small-bodied, narrow, belted—as trim and easy as a little cloth coat. But cozier—day or night. Designed by Bill Smith for Ben Kahn, of Umpa natural demi-glo mink. At Cartier. Wig of Kanekalon, by Mr. John; arranged by Maury Hopson. For accessory details on both pages, see the next to last page of this issue.





FOR THE MOVIE, MICHAEL JAYSTON AS THE TSAR AND RODERIC NOBLE AS THE TSAREVICH

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

Now a magnificent movie, a re-creation of the last Russian Tsar, his family, and their tragic lives. Robert K. Massie, the author of the best-selling book on which the film was based, talks about the myths and tells what couldn't be told before.

The love that didn't die

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Robert K. Massie's* Nicholas and Alexandra, *published by Atheneum, was an astonishing success not only because of its popularity but because, for the first time, it explained the role of the young Tsarevich's hemophilia, a blood disease that prevents the normal clotting of the blood after an injury, in shaping subsequent history. Here, Massie tells some of the myths he couldn't tell before that have grown up around Nicholas and Alexandra. Robert Massie and his wife will sponsor a benefit for the Hemophilia Foundation on December 14, when the film version of* Nicholas and Alexandra *opens in New York, starring a group of relatively unknown actors who—Massie says—bear "remarkable resemblance to the Imperial family."*

Question: How would you explain the extraordinary myths that have grown up around Nicholas and Alexandra, and, more especially, their children, since the Russian Revolution?

Robert K. Massie: I suppose it was the way in which they died. When royalty or any important person dies under mysterious circumstances, particularly revolutionary circumstances, there will be those who wonder if they are really dead. After the French Revolution, the Dauphin, Louis XVII, was supposed to have survived and reappeared under many names, including that of James Audubon. Tsar Alexander I, Nicholas's ancestor, was said not to have died in 1825 but to have disappeared and become a monk. The stories began because he died outside Moscow with few witnesses. After the massacre at Ekaterinburg, Nicholas II was supposed to have been seen walking around in London or in Prague. Even today, these speculations aren't so unusual. Who knows exactly how Stalin died, or Hitler?

Q.: What about the legends that Anastasia, the Tsarevich, or even the whole family survived their imprisonment and assassination?

Massie: No one has final, absolute proof that all of the family was killed. But the evidence is overwhelmingly on the side that they were killed and that the people who have stepped forward to say they are survivors are false. We all know about Mrs. Anna Anderson, now Mrs. Manahan, but there have been other Anastasias. Several years ago, there was a Mrs. Smith. *Life* did a big story on her, producing the usual scientists who had studied her bone structure and members of the Royal Family or of the Tsar's suite who stepped forward to say she wasn't Anastasia. It was all a ridiculous waste of time.

Q.: What about the man who now claims to be the Tsarevich?

Massie: Which one? In the five or six years I've been interested in this subject there have been at least two men in New York claiming that they were the Tsarevich. There is a Polish man who has contacted Columbia Pictures through his lawyers saying that he wants to be recognized or he will cause trouble. There was also a Frenchman, another claimant, whom I was asked to see through my publisher—this was someone who had written several volumes about himself as the Tsarevich. I told his lawyer to have a test for classical hemophilia run on him and, if indeed he did have hemophilia of the right kind, I would certainly talk to him. I didn't hear anything for a month or so and then the lawyer called me back to explain what had happened. The man was taken to a hospital and, when he began to strip for his physical, it was discovered that he was tattooed and that he had had all of his teeth pulled. Now, hemophiliacs can have their teeth pulled or have surgery, because the missing clotting factor in their blood can be supplied by transfusions. But a tattoo is unlikely.

Q.: And the legends about the Romanov gold in the Bank of England?

Massie: I regret the talk about the gold. I feel the same way about it as I do about those who claim to be the lost children. I think it's degrading. I know too many people from the world of Nicholas and Alexandra—both the members of the various Royal families, their nephews, nieces, cousins, and other relations and the people who were close to them at court—who



DAVID BAILEY

Above, *the Imperial children played by remarkably chosen look-alikes.* Below, *Janet Suzman as the Empress, a great actress in a great role.*



are not so much scandalized as deeply hurt by people trading on this year after year and by the names of these dead children being dragged through the muck with the trials and all the talk about vast sums of money. I share the feeling of the family. They are not trying to hide money. The Tsar's two sisters, the Grand Duchesses Xenia and Olga, who survived the Revolution, lived very restricted lives. Xenia, until she died in 1960, lived on the charity of King George V in a "grace-and-favor" house in London. Olga had a two-or-three-room house outside Toronto in Canada and, when her husband died, moved into an apartment over a barbershop. If there were piles of Romanov gold in the Bank of England, the King of England would have had access to it to help the family. Whom would they have been saving it for? And why should the Bank of England lie? I suppose the talk will go on, but it degrades everyone involved.

Q.: What have you learned about the Tsar and his family since your book's publication?

Massie: Perhaps, one of the most interesting things I learned was contained in a letter I received from Lord Mountbatten. The world of Nicholas and Alexandra seems infinitely remote in its style to us now, but there are a lot of people who are still alive who were a part of that world. Mountbatten is one of them. He was a nephew of the Empress, his mother having been the one of her sisters who married a Battenberg who became the First Sea Lord. They visited often in Germany in Hesse-Darmstadt and it was there he met Marie Nicolaievna who, born in 1899, was two years older than Anastasia. She was a very beautiful girl. Each of the four sisters was different, and Marie looked like a German or Scandinavian girl while still also looking Russian.

Q.: Have you learned anything that would change your view of Nicholas and Alexandra?

Massie: No. But the people I've met from that world since the publication of my book have added considerably to what I already knew. When I met the Duke of Windsor, he said: "Mr. Massie, I enjoyed reading your book, but I don't think you were quite fair to my father." He was talking about King George's part in the British offer of asylum to the Russian family and the decision not to press that offer. My material, as I explained to the Duke, had come from Harold Nicholson's official biography of King George V. From this work, I understood that after the King's first spontaneous offer to aid Nicholas and Alexandra there had been a growing anti-Tsarist outcry in the Liberal and Labour parties. The Duke went on to say that his father's good instincts had been overruled by the government, especially by the Prime Minister, Lloyd George. The Duke (Continued on page 143)



BARE OR COVERED—BUT SOFT, SOFT, SOFT: THE NEW BATHING SUITS ARE SHAPED ENTIRELY BY WEARER; BY LAUREN HUTTON ON THESE 6 PAGES

When you want a bikini and you want a little more, above, this is for you: a rosy-pink handkerchief-halter strung on silvery metal—great shape for a bikini shape to be in. Something! by Oscar de la Renta; Antron nylon and Lycra. About $30. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marie Leavell.

Next-to-nothing red ribs, right—plunged in front, wide open in back—as bare as a bathing suit can be and still be in one piece. By Cole of California, of Antron nylon knit. About $24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hengerer's; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Here, and the next four pages: hair—his and hers—by Ara Gallant.

Beauty prompter: Sunscreening—that's what every skin needs, especially in Southern hot spots where ultra-violet rays are strongest. Read labels. Learn to recognize a real sun block from a tanning booster. Use the one that's right for you—and keep on using it. After a day in the sun, your best friends are good moisturizers and night creams, both of which help skin stay soft and supple, prevent dryness and flaky peeling.

THE NEW BATHING SUITS:

AVEDON

WHEN LESS IS MORE



WHEN YOU WANT TO BARE THE MAXIMUM, THE MINIMUM— THESE ARE THE LOOKS

Super-sleek brown maillot, above left, made of a wonderful light nylon that fits like skin, swims like a fish, dries in a flash. Something! by Oscar de la Renta, of Antron nylon and Lycra. About $24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's.

The barest essentials, right: navy knit postage-stamp bikini with a bandage strip of top—where less is more, this is the most. By Roxanne II, of Orlon and Lycra. About $26. At Altman's; Filene's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's.

Beauty Prompter: Be aware of the hidden dangers that lurk in your sun life. . . . Rushing from the hot outdoors to the over-air-conditioned indoors can be a shock to your entire system and speed the drying process of skin. Go slower. Go extra heavy on moisturizers. . . . Give some thought to any medicines you may be taking. Certain drugs, like antibiotics, give skin extra photosensitivity and can exaggerate a normal sunburn. Check your doctor; lavish on a good sun block.

AVEDON

THE NEW BATHING SUITS: WHEN LESS IS MORE


THE BIKINI LIFE: MORE YOU,
MORE SUN...AND JUST
ENOUGH COVER.
AVEDON
THE NEW BATHING SUITS: WHEN

Brown ciré bikini, far left, with a white kimono to wrap it up when you've had enough sun. Bikini, Antron nylon and Lycra (Beaunit Fabrics), about $20. Acetate-and-nylon kimono, about $34. Elisabeth Stewart. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. The tiny orange knit shirt, left, buttons over a tiny orange knit bikini—the only other thing you need is good weather. Turnout by Gottex of Israel, of nylon. Bikini, about $24. Shirt and long button-front skirt to match (not shown), about $64. At Bloomingdale's. The monokini, right—half a bi, and happening on Mediterranean beaches from Sardinia to St. Tropez. Could happen here. Who knows?—the bikini started the very same way....Meanwhile, in a nice secluded spot, this green knit monokini gives you a lot of tan. And the slick green aviator jacket covers as needed. Monokini, of Orlon, about $15. Jacket, of waterproof plastic, about $25. Both by Snapdragon. At Henri Bendel; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan. Accessories, next to the last page. Beauty Prompter: Think of the beach as your own private gym. Use the sand...walk on it—the sure-fire leg toner-upper...lie on it and try reverse push-ups—back flat, knees bent, hands parallel to ears with palms on the sand, fingers pointing toe-wards. Then push all the way up, arching your back as high as you can, lifting your head off the ground. And remember: your hair takes a beating from sun and water—cover it, wrap it, give it plenty of conditioning treatments.

LESS IS MORE

keep your eye on color

A POT OF GLOSS, A FINGERTIP, AND A SHINING NEW WORLD OF BEAUTY



Who knows your face better than your fingers? They can smooth on eye shadow or lip gloss—and no mirror needed. After all, it's a very personal relationship that's been going on at least since you first stuck your fingers in your mother's cold-cream jar. In fact, it's probably when there's nothing between fingers and face that a woman's best beauty work is done—adding color, blending, shading with familiar skill. Which is one reason Charles Revson has formulated a whole new kind of eye shadow deliberately designed to be finger-painted on: Ultima II Shining Eye-shadow-In-A-Pot. And for every woman with an eye for color, here's color—nine in all, so moist and so shining they were poured into pots. To give you an idea: above, Crystal Coral on upper and lower lids; at left, Violet Glass; with Bottle Green gleaming below—intense translucent colors that slip on slick as a whistle and stay, because it's the new high-gloss formula—not frost, not grease—that gives them their special eye-opening shine (and any type of skin can wear them). To get an even clearer idea, take a dip yourself. You take a shine to them—and vice versa. . . . Color news doesn't stop here. Look at the color in the girl's hair at right. That's right. Plum. Subtle, look-twice flickers of color like Mother Nature never made, just along the hairline. If you're blond, rinse in—wash out. If you're not, go to a pro for pre-lightening. Erik of Vidal Sassoon—pro behind the plum here—also likes Burgundy and real reds in dark hair (uses semipermanent rinses that last about six weeks); on blondes: lilac, peach, blue. Roux's Fanci-full Rinses in colors like Blue Mood and Mauve Decade last till next shampoo. (More pots and paints, next page.)



Violet shadow shine: color clear as glass

Coral: finger-painted

Look again: hair's of a different color

Plum lines of color framing the face—a flattering new temporary madness (to read more about at left). Erik of Vidal Sassoon put in the plum here—pretty foxy with a raspberry jacket that used to be blue. . . . Cap (plus mittens) by Crescendoe-Superb. Dyed Norwegian blue fox jacket, Chloë for Alixandre: Henri Bendel. Makeup, Ultima II—Charles Revson. The hair combed by Roger of Vidal Sassoon.

Wet-shine green: looks poured from a bottle, dips out of a pot de crème



AVEDON



A pot of lip color, a fingertip—
shine and the world shines with you



there's a whole lot of COLOR *going on*

Pots of makeup for face and mouth—big beauty breakthrough

Just about the greatest up in the whole makeup shakeup was when the cosmetic chemists turned up gels. They arrived on the scene mostly in tubes; now many come in tiny tubs, pots, jars. Some rich and creamy, some crystal clear and Jell-o bright —all are meant to be finger-painted on. Which makes them a natural to most women—and that's the beauty of them. Their weightlessness and sheerness make them a cinch to use, slipping on to fit the skin, giving a sheen as smooth as ribbon . . . whether to fake a tan, blush a cheek, mold a hollow, heighten a cheekbone. You can add as much color and as many colors as you like, and there's still real skin coming through. Before, contouring was pretty much a job for the pros; do-it-yourself ended up looking cakey, fakey, and/or dusty . . . just didn't make it. Now, because the new consistencies are so sheer and tractable, you can use the deeper shades (grays, browns) to minimize prominences and create interesting hollows; the brighter, lighter shades to shine up cheekbones, accent temples, or give your whole face a new healthy vitality. Some come pearlized, gilded, or silvered, with super light-reflecting effects. The result is younger, softer-looking skin with new sheen, real color. And lip color in pots is just as interesting. These days—really for the first time —you can get, together in one pot, the brilliance of lipstick color with the glisten of lip gloss. It slips on . . . and sticks! Great for today's shaped, curvy, bright mouth—contoured with a pencil or brush, filled in with fingertip. . . . If you haven't dipped into brighter colors yet, snap to—you'll be surprised how easy it is to grow accustomed to your face. . . .

Solid perfume—new medium with a fashion message

Perfume—in its own, quiet, persistent way—is what adds the final touch of color . . . pulls the whole business of being a beauty together. And now, perfume is coming on solid: in cunning jewel-like containers that make a fashion statement all their own. Solid perfume itself is one of the niftiest ways to wear and carry scent. It's concentrated in a special wax base (often the wax of the flowers themselves) with true fragrance consistency and—since it can't evaporate—great staying power. And then there's the new eye appeal. The perfumers have gone all out in designing some of the prettiest little objets since Cellini (and indeed have done some plagiarizing there as well): burnished shallots, tiny gilded frogs and turtles, thimbles, silvery pillbox-size hexagons lidded in turquoise, coqs d'or, plus jeweled lockets and rings and things you wear . . . each one hiding a core of delicious scent, each one tempting its owner to fetch it out for no other reason than to show it off. Perfume—sexy mysterious, adored perfume—has become a fashion accessory. Which just doubles the pleasure.

Jane Birkin's new-and-then coif—less hair and a lot more color than meets the eye

A lot of zing, flash, fire: all the words you think of when you see red apply (believe our eyes) to Jane Birkin—a flaming redhead in the photograph, right. But not a permanent one: like legions of women who won't be pigeonholed by any one look, this delectable young English movie and record star (newest, "Melody Nelson") twigs wigs. Especially this small, shining crop of red from Carita, with its whiffly, unserious bangs and just enough length to tickle the nape of her neck—all of which, given Jane's fawn-in-the-forest looks and creamy-rosy-greeny-eyed coloring, is as super in its way as her own long chestnut-blond hair. . . . The other pretty head here belongs to Jane's daughter Kate, and the color is as it comes from nature—that indescribably soft shade that might be called five-year-old brown.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY





Christmas

What real people really want—89 ideas from the editors

The gadget everybody needs right now for what is known as modern living is the Instant Ego-Rebuilder; press a button and enjoy—it tells you how great you are. Nancy's Fancy, 900 First Ave., N.Y.C., 10022, or your local department store. $6 plus 75c postage. Worth every penny. . . . Then there's time; that's something everybody needs. Put delightful watch under pillow and consult only the Tide Timer–precise, battery-operated, mounted in lucite; 6″ x 6″, $32.02 in N.Y. State; other places, $30.25. From Bradford-Law Inc., 169 South Street, Oyster Bay, N.Y., 11771. Ease tensions by acting only when it hits a real high or low; you'll know the type who wants this. . . . For the someone there is who loves a clock: a round gilt one rimmed with Roman numerals, centered with an enameled pool in which a turtle floats from hour to hour. $170 at Gübelin, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 10022.

GREENERY—Shade-loving house plants that can be moved from the city to the country where they rejuvenate divinely, and return with a nice summer green. Maidenhair ferns highly recommended. Present should be a chunk of credit at a good plant place to use mid-May or sooner. . . . Plantomania rampant this year. One who has it requests a fence of trees to plant in the spring. . . . A wonderful indoor, all-green, never-blooming plant–perhaps a lemon tree–from The City Gardener, Kerry FitzGerald, 437 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 10016. . . . "A plant is a valiant effort to keep the city at bay," crusaders say; try Terrestris Greenhouses, 409 E. 60th St., N.Y.C., 10022, which specializes in plants that thrive on *urbanité*–Sprengeri, Grape Ivy, Corn plants, and Swedish Ivy. All from about $5 to $100. . . . For an indoor herb garden, order an April delivery from, for instance, Greenwich Nursery and Plant Co., 587 Ninth Ave., N.Y.C., 10036. . . . To guide the indoor gardener: *Making Things Grow* by Thalassa Cruso of big fame on the small screen; $6.95. . . . Personally, we can't *bear-the-sight* of most things plants come in, and having no rare stone pots from Tuscany, we head for the Japanese stores which abound in good things iron, wicker, and fake-tortoise-shadowed-gilt.

OH MEN! . . . This year we have for the first time a hot line to men who actually Want Things for Christmas–men who move money around and know why whatever it is you can't work is electronic. The list: "Gold bar cufflinks from Cartier, Eames lounge chair and ottoman, Mark Cross soft leather shaving-stuff case, Atmos Perpetual Motion clock by Le Coultre, suède sport jacket, Panasonic portable TV, a case of wine, and a new engine for my electric train." . . . One spiffy man has discovered the fold-flat, pack, stash in briefcase man's umbrella by Knirps. Really practical in the transatlantic-and-Pacific age, and made never to blow wrong side up. About $20 at Brooks Brothers and other haberdashers. . . . Motoring buff CRAVES *Twenty Silver Ghosts,* history and paintings of the Rolls-Royce, 1907-1914. McGraw-Hill, $39.50 till December 31. . . . Man on our block is so happy with the presents he gets He's giving Her a marvelous fish boiler–$28.50 at Hammacher-Schlemmer–in which he'll produce *poulet aux concombres.* This way:

> In a fish or vegetable steamer put a very small amount of water and then put in the rack. On the rack put slices of peeled cucumbers to make a layer. On top of this make a layer of chicken parts. Salt and pepper the chicken, and then add a second layer of cucumber slices to cover the chicken. Steam very slowly for 2½ to 3 hours covered. Check occasionally to see that water has not all boiled away. Remove chicken to a warm platter and keep warm. Put cucumber and a little of the juice from the steamer in a blender and blend. Add sour cream (about one part sour cream to three parts cucumber) and blend again. Check for seasoning and warm mixture. Pour over chicken and serve.

Wine to drink with above: Beaujolais Brouilly –shipped and bottled by Rt. Honorable Ernest Marples, M.P. At Sherry-Lehmann. . . . Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wine* will grab both these people. $22.95 until March 15, 1972; $25 thereafter.

OH WOMEN! . . . If their hearts are too soon made glad by gifts, why not rejoice and send that pedometer that hooks on any belt, tots the mileage for the day up to 12 miles; costs $8.50 at Hoffritz, other gadgety lairs. . . . Moving up in class: The 747 carry-on luggage in canvas touched with leather–3-section really-wanted-on-the-voyage bag made to go gently under the seat, 20″ and $57.50 in coffee-bean or chocolate color; 26″ two-zipper suitcase, $50. At Bonwit's. Don't stop now! Book passage on Lindblad's Baltic seafaring holiday next June–Stockholm, over the Arctic Circle, Helsinki, Leningrad, and other *aventures* en route to Copenhagen. $2,250+. . . . Nice but not gaudy: tactile tortoise-shell bangles; $8 at Bendel's. . . . For a daughter-in-law, a check for a whole Kenmore kitchen; Sears Roebuck. For a real live girl to call your own maybe, a ribbed real gold belt buckle by Halston, who designs sexy-and-correct; $300 to $400 in silver or gold. . . . An engaging one-inch cube of vermeil that's a travel alarm with its own red leather case; $72 at Henri Bendel. The Greeks have a present for her; one among many–lucky evil-eye set in square sterling cross to hang on your chains; $24, Greek Island, 215 E. 49th St., N.Y.C., 10017. . . . She likes jotting better than jogging? A small note pad in black calf or pigskin with pen and blue paper; $13 by Gucci, whose other lures leer too. . . . You trust her. Give her a cleaver like Julia Child's; $4.50 to $13 at Hoffritz.

(More, page 128)

IDEA FOR A BEDROOM—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT A country bedroom with a canopied bed, drifty clouds, and blue sky all around–a roomful of things any one of us might really want: fresh pink dahlias in a pleached straw cachepot . . . English blue china . . . little Guernsey jug . . . roses with your breakfast egg. Summer Sky sheets and pillowcases in day-sky azure, night-sky indigo, by Bill Blass for Springmaid (another Blass pattern, Nemuri, covers one pillow, skirts the round table). All, polyester and cotton. Lord & Taylor. Décor by Mac II, the New York firm of Mrs. William Rayner and Mrs. Ahmet Ertegün.

HORST

Christmas

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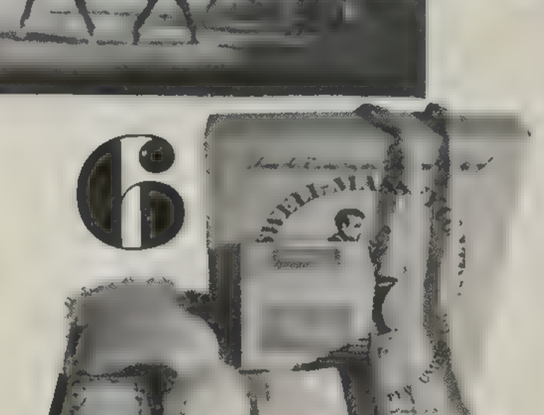
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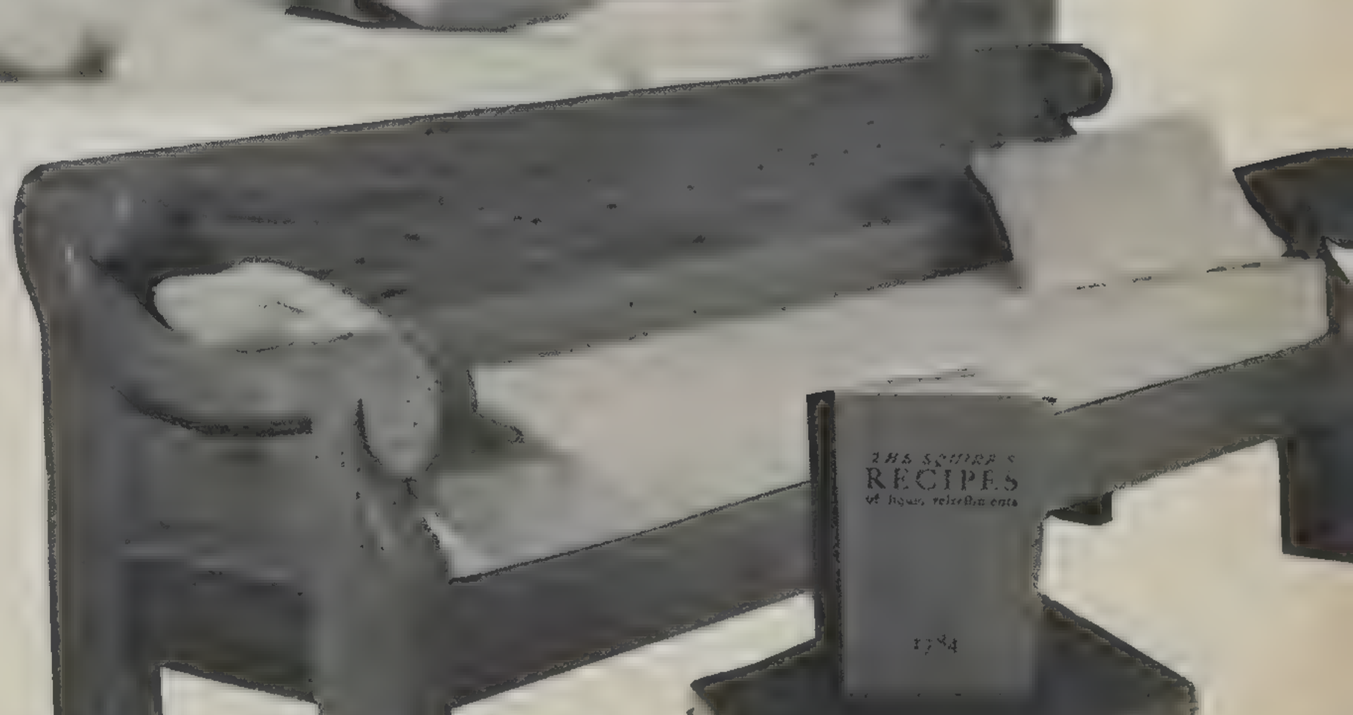
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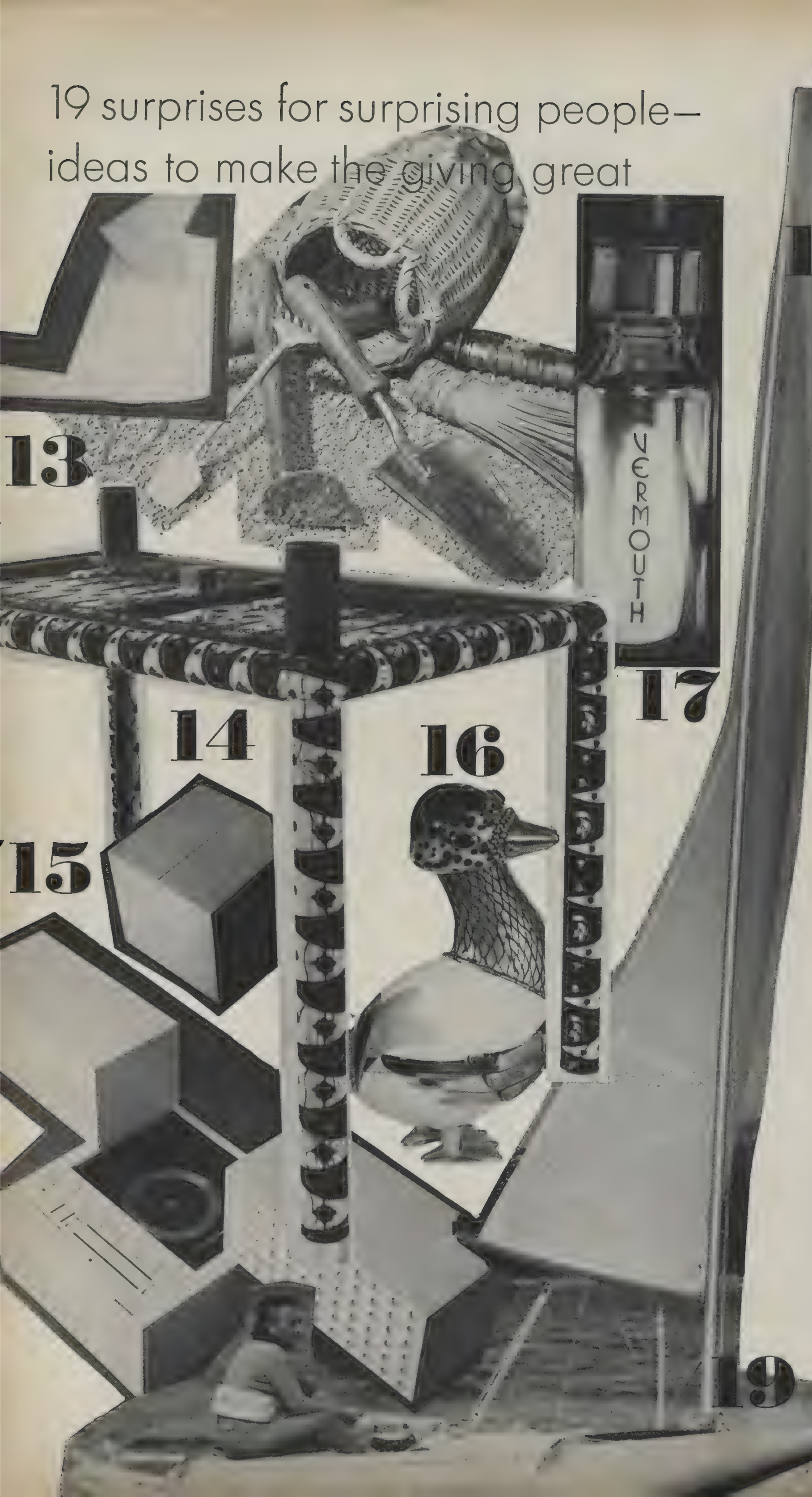
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12

19 surprises for surprising people—ideas to make the giving great



1. Aluminum Sculpture-To-Wear: By Phyllis Mark. $60 ea. with Lucite stand, neck ring. Artist's Originals Editions, 243 E. 82nd St., N.Y.C. **2.** A 17th-c. bowl copied in silver plate, $28.50. Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **3.** Stiff Box, Cor-ten steel sculpture by Lucas Samaras. 50" H. Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. **4.** Sportsman's weekly newspaper, "The Chronicle of the Horse," $13 yr., 10 N. Buckmarsh St., Berryville, Va. **5.** Japanese artists Miyashiro and Tadasky teach ceramics. Adults, ten weekly lessons, $60. Children, $30. Grand Street Potters, 135 Grand St., N.Y.C. **6.** Tomatoes, honey, lemons, lettuce, roses, etc., in organic soaps. Seven cakes boxed, $9.75. Caswell Massey, 518 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. **7.** Bill Blass notepaper news: Basic Blass, 50 cards, lined envelopes; Plaid, 50 sheets, envelopes —$12.50 each. Blass Bound is self-sealing, $9.50 for 50. At I. Magnin. Hallmark rosewood pen and pencil set, $25. **8.** Schempp-Hirth K.G. white fiber-glass sailplane, $6,500 plus shipping. Rainco, P.O. Box 20944, Phoenix, Arizona. **9.** Potpourri in an African straw basket, $15. Robert-Webb, 900 First Ave., N.Y.C. **10.** Top dog: Apricot toy poodle, $225 with AKC papers. Tami-Sou Kennels, 36-23 36th St., Long Island City, N.Y. **11.** Country settee in chestnut. 77½" x 22½", $540 at Handex, 41 E. 64th St., N.Y.C., the non-profit organization helping Appalachia. **12.** "The Money Saver's Guide To Decoration," by Ellen Liman, Macmillan, $7.95. "The Squire's Recipes" reprints 1784 liquid refreshments, $3. Ffolio 72, 888 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **13.** Sturdy basket with six indoor gardening tools, $17.50. The Greenery at Merryvale, 3640 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Calif. **14.** Blue-and-white Indonesian cotton-covered backgammon table, to order, $850. Karl Springer, 306 E. 61 St., N.Y.C. **15.** Brionvega AM-FM radio, record player, tape deck, twin speakers fold into a white lacquer cube. To order, $1400. Georg Beylerian, 253 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. **16.** Enameled gold-mounted ostrich-egg duck, 12" high. $1,100, Cartier. **17.** Sterling 2-oz. vermouth dropper for martinis, $10. Shreve, Crump & Low, Boylston St., Boston. **18.** Sterling mini basket, $25. Silk flowers by Ronaldo Maia, $14-$16. Both, Cartier. **19.** The only inflatable catamaran, by Pirelli. It folds to carry. $1,200. Precise Imports, 3 Chestnut St., Suffern, N.Y.

MODERN MODERN MODERNISTICALLY

FUN AND GAMES: The Cookie Monster famed on Sesame Street can be had in real life—he's blueberry-blue and fluffy with ping-pong eyes; pull a string and he waggles his arms; cut four cookies out of the box, he eats them. $5. Big Bird—who gets the most fan mail—is gorgeous yellow with pink eyelids. $7. Oscar the Grouch is gr-e-en with his pink heart in his mouth. $5. All at most toy and department stores.... If your husband seems run-down and listless, or your daughter has a bearded beau, give them *The Art of Growing a Beard* by Marvin Grosswirth in which they will discover that women who are attracted by beards are invariably "intelligent and literate, good conversationalists, endowed with a keen sense of humor," and useful suggestions about the deployment of the beard in making love. Sound stuff, this. $2.95....A box at a swell racetrack for the season and throw in Kel-Co's Class Calculator for picking winners. $25 at Abercrombie & Fitch....Family Games, Inc. has a new little number in a black cardboard violin case, The Godfather Game based on the novel of the same name; $15. Aim: get control of the rackets in Wall Street, the docks, Midtown, etc., with "money," the big push, and cards marked "good breaks." But watch out for bad breaks like "your pizzerias are losing dough, pay $350."...Paid-up lessons in karate....Weaving is, of course, a more becoming accomplishment and fascinating too. The Penelope you have in mind can with Craftool's new portable loom that's fine for beginners and so good fabric designers use it as a sketch pad. $23.95 plus $2 postage will buy the entire Weave-Rite kit at Hammacher Schlemmer, etc.... Give a good guy a membership in an indoor tennis club; he'll last longer with all that fitness. ...Twelve-ish towhead next door used to want a dog; now he craves a roulette wheel complete with felt "board"—*faites vos jeux*, kids. Also a pet Toucan, hopefully chatty....At our house, it's a one-armed bandit bank for nickels or quarters; "pennies stink." $2. Quick-note pads shaped like hands or feet (very realistic toes); $1 each.... Nine Men's Morris, a streamline-y Plexiglas and steel revamp of a game that's travelled from the Orient to Ovid to Shakespeare—and isn't it the name of a really toff mystery? Well, it's for two players, easy to learn, needs brains to master. $20, Henri Bendel.

DEPRIVED READERS hunger not only for books—one starves for Chinese red lacquered bookshelves. Meanwhile *books* even if they have to be stacked all over....Begin logically with *The Creation*, an extraordinary book by the photographer Ernst Haas, that evolves from Genesis—"difficult to find an appro-



Make yourself a present

VOGUE PATTERN 8181



Over those long party evenings, light a fire at home in something soft, long, smashy...something you (or your dressmaker) can put together in one night, yourself into the next.... Flame-red white bareness, left, two long narrow triangles knotted at the nape, and that's it—except for a beautiful back. Vogue Pattern 8151. Fabric by Maxwell, of Qiana nylon. At Abraham's....Wrap yourself up in flowers, right—red-and-green ones, simply tied at the waist and soft as wine ...Vogue Pattern 8061. Fabric, of Qiana nylon, by Loomskill. At Bloomingdale's. Frankly, Welsh couture. Pattern details, page 54. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

VOGUE PATTERN 8061

TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST.

Casanova, and all the rest, put yourself in the mood for a beguiling night by playing for him [illegible] from Classic Cathedral. And now they have, too, [illegible] as the Javanese Court Gamelan—[illegible] set of instruments, mainly metallophones and glorious bronze gongs, but what you must know is "the Gamelan gilds the time ...the hours forget their usual course" (H-72044). Village Music of Yugoslavia is folkloric and mostly cheerless (H-72042). For pure pleasure there's Michael Praetorius' Polychoral Christmas Music (H-71242)—Praetorius never left his native Germany but was one of the first composers to pick up the windy warmth of Italian music which, at the end of the sixteenth century, launched a musical revolution; sung in German and translation seems a bit off, but we cherish the line "Clap your hands and strike your harp." ...From RCA: the first recording of Handel's opera, Ariodante—a landmark plea passion, deception, and triumph—and, believe us, happening in Edinburgh (LSC-6200). Also from RCA, the Leontyne Price Aida with her own magnificent blaze backed by the London Symphony Orchestra (LSC 6198)....As for the young, this year you might risk some good jazz—if you're over thirty, you know which.

THE LAST MINUTE: You—a [illegible] who would like to give Christmas a gem like Flame—come back from [illegible], Norway, on December 24. You've [illegible] the right perfume in the duty free [illegible] what do you do next? You write out a check marked "FOR FUN ONLY" and, as taxi drivers say, give her a big tip for it's yesterday's Christmas, too.


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Christmas is the time of silver

Now is the season of open house when silver cups and punch bowl stand at the ready, adding a warm glow to spicy nogs, grogs, and syllabubs. Later the cups will serve at the bar, the bowl will be filled with potpourri, or a once-in-a-while extravagance of flowers, will fill whole rooms with garden scents. Why not give silver for a friend's favorite nogs, grogs, and syllabub? Or as stocking presents—1971 silver trimmings to hang on the tree and, after, to wear on their silver chains: Reed & Barton's 14th-century-style cross; Towle's medallion—peace dove on one side, partridge in pear tree on the other; Gorham's snowflake. Each, $10.

THE CUPS AND BOWL SHOWN: **1.** Tiffany's magnificent 18th-c. English-style punch bowl, $600, on an adjustable dish/cross-stand, $395. **2.** The 17th-c. reprised, Gorham's Hispana goblet in silver plate, 7½" high, $20. Use it for any drinks. **3.** A fat roly-poly cup in silver plate, by Towle. Fits the hand snugly, has a flattened base. $7.95. **4.** A cup so shaped and balanced that it cannot tip over. It's the Tipping Cup, $48 from Tiffany. **5.** A charming cup engraved with chinoiserie design, would also be lovely with flowers. $225, Tiffany. **6.** A cocoanut-shaped goblet whose outer surface is deeply etched in Florentine finish. $75, Cartier. **7.** Gorham's bar knife, 8⅜" long. Gift-boxed, $9.75. **8.** Royal Irish Silver engraved goblet, gilt lined. $170. The collection imported by Reed & Barton. **9.** Bull's-head stirrup cup goblet, gilt lined, in Royal Irish Silver, $280. From Reed & Barton. **10.** Classic round tray, 12½" diam. By Lunt, $150. **11.** William A. Rogers silver-plated goblet from Oneida holds 8 ounces. $8.50. **12.** A reproduction of the Patrick Henry julep cup by International. It can hold flowers, pens. $50. **13.** Simeon Soumaine child's cup, reproduced in Lunt's Old Deerfield silver plate. $12.75.

UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, ALL PIECES SHOWN ARE IN STERLING SILVER

Mysterious cycles in your body may control your sickness or health

BODY

What we *think* produces physical changes in our bodies

At present, an American doctor would be baffled and paralyzed if he had to help create a harmonious living pattern for a patient whose economic, social, and family pressures had battered him into a state of disease. The doctor would not know where to start. Nor was this the role he learned in medical school. Instead, he was trained to focus on the symptoms of illness in an analytical and specific manner, even though he recognized that receptivity to virus infection or Cushing's disease might evolve out of the patient's relationship with a demanding family, an aggressive boss, or a neighborhood cracking with competition and racial strain.

Urban people, especially, pay a toll for the richness of their lives, for their range of choices, speed of communication, their job mobility, along with noise, crowding, and pollution. The price includes a variety of psychosomatic and mental illnesses. A recent Public Health Survey (No. 1000, Series 11, #37) of 6,672 people showed that one out of five had either just had a nervous breakdown, or felt one coming on. Sixty percent had suffered from some nervous distress. Studied separately, each mental or physical symptom might appear to stem from a different mechanism, for they are extremely diverse. After all, high blood pressure, colitis, and diabetes differ just as do neurosis and psychosis. In the past medical researchers would attempt to localize physiological events that would produce specific symptoms, such as an ulcer or catatonia. Although everybody acknowledged that stress must play some role in the development of the illness, no one theory ever indicated how similar experiences of stress could evoke such an array of human miseries. We appear to be approaching such a synthesis now, for in the past there was one common dimension that was missing from all these researches—the dimension of time.

There are numerous unstudied time cycles in the temporal architecture of the human being—microseconds in brain cells, minutes, hours, weeks, and months. Although we know very little about these cycles and have concentrated on circadian rhythms, the accumulated data on circadian cycles is sufficient to show links between external events and the etiology of illness. We now know that we are transformed, hour by hour, as our nervous systems, metabolism, and vital organs fluctuate in circadian rhythmicity. Thus it is not surprising that our abilities, our vulnerability to harassment, trauma, or infection, the acuity of our senses and our symptoms of disease all vary, as well, in circadian fashion. It is no longer surprising that the drugs we take affect us differently, depending upon the time we take them. This same circadian rhythmicity has implications for the way we learn and what memories influence our lives.

At present a few scientists are reshaping our concept of memory and showing the path by which an emotional experience might be transformed into immutable memories or even into physical illness. These developments have come about as medical thinkers began to give up the last remnants of a bothersome belief—the archaic idea that it is possible to treat the body separately from the mind or the mind as separate from the body.

The unity of body-mind has been clear for centuries, but we had a religious prejudice against acknowledging it. Without this unity, a physical compound, a drug, should not be able to alter the experience of pain. A hallucinogenic drug should not evoke visions, phantasmagoria, and memories. The physiological underpinnings of the soul are dramatically bared when a selfish, apathetic, despairing person takes an antidepressant compound and becomes lively, affectionate, and outgoing. Depression is, at once, a state of feeling, behavior, and biochemistry.

Just as drugs or illness may influence our biochemistry, we now know that we can change it by mental activity in a manner that once seemed beyond our control. As Dr. Neal Miller has shown at Rockefeller University, people can learn to control their blood pressure and to lower it at will. Hindu fire dancers in Ceylon dance on hot coals without blistering the soles of their feet, and people in hypnotic trance states have produced blisters when they were merely told they were touched by fire. What we think produces physical changes in our bodies. Conversely, however, the human mind is fragile. A flaw in metabolism, not now understood, may condemn a person to live out his entire life in the nightmare of psychosis or with dimmed intelligence—a fact that should give us new compassion for all people whose physiology has damaged their ability to function and to enjoy living.

Each person is, of course, a unique composite of subtle inherited characteristics, who is moreover shaped by his experience. As we have learned from the work of such people as Jean Piaget or Jerome Bruner, there are critical stages in development when children are ready to learn certain concepts, such as the relation between the apparent size of an object and its distance. There are critical stages in infancy when visual stimulation enhances coordinated movements, and when warm but firm parental attention is particularly crucial. There are periods, beginning around age six, when languages can be learned with particular ease. The idiosyncrasies of the family and the brutalities, neglect, or rejections during childhood may predispose an individual to neurosis or to psychosomatic illness. The roots of such illnesses usually extend deep into the past; and in the hierarchy of influences, circadian rhythms may not seem very important. However, the twenty-four-hour day remains our major social unit. All of our experience is related to this clock, whose cycle is reflected throughout our endocrine system.

We rely upon this intricate system of brain and glands whenever we are in stress, whenever we anticipate a change, when we laugh, when we ruminate, confront anxiety or anything that asks us to adapt. Because our neuroendocrine system is rhythmic, the timing of a particular stress will influence the way we react and how vividly, how strongly we may remember it. A few recent experiments with animals suggest that what we might call "gut learning," the learning of highly emotional responses, is modulated by circadian rhythms. They suggest that an emotional trauma or a very

Expect maximum vulnerability to fear between 4 A.M. and 8 A.M.

stress

By Gay Gaer Luce

The rate of change in our lives predicts our health

tense and frustrating task does not have the same impact at all times of day. Not even laboratory mice learn at a completely stable rate, nor is their memory as firm at all hours.

When anxiety is learned at random hours, it may have to be unlearned on a random schedule. This possibility has interested several therapists. The timing of psychotherapy sessions has no relation to biological time. If neurotic fears and anxieties are time-bound, the combination lock to a personality disorder may require "extinction" therapy at biologically relevant hours. Many patients in psychotherapy seem to fluctuate wildly, improving and then apparently relapsing into their old emotional habits. Although this uneven process, typical of much of life, has been accepted by long-term patients and their analysts, it may only reflect our current ignorance about the relevant time to apply the tools of psychiatry to the unraveling of crippling emotional responses, the process of extinction.

Behavior therapy, a potent and increasingly popular form of therapy, explicitly sets out to extinguish the unwonted responses of the patient. Dr. Joseph Wolpe and others have used some of the underlying principles of operant conditioning to train people out of their destructive emotional habits. Particularly successful in treating phobias, behavior therapists need to make a shrewd analysis of the patient's basic problem. They then teach him methods of relaxation, while gradually exposing him to the object of his fear, in a manner that makes him progressively less sensitive to it. The phase of the patient's circadian cycle may be relevant to this desensitizing process, for patients improve somewhat erratically, with occasional resurgences of fear and revulsion.

Since human beings are diurnal, we might expect maximum vulnerability to fear roughly between 4 A.M. and 8 A.M. when adrenal hormones reach their peak. It has never been demonstrated that man's emotional susceptibility is related to his concentration of adrenal hormones; however, in 1963 Dr. Charles F. Stroebel and his team did show that monkeys had fear responses and physiological vulnerability in the early morning hours, coinciding with their peak levels of adrenal hormones. Implanted tubes sampled blood without disturbing the animal, while blood pressure, temperature, heart rate, and respiration were continuously measured.

It seems that the body may "remember" a time of fear and continue to anticipate and react at that same biologic time despite the fact that the provoking situation has been removed. The demonstration that blood acidity could change at a presumably learned time of day may be an important cue in psychosomatic and psychiatric illness. The acid-base balance of the blood is a delicate and highly controlled equilibrium. It affects the entire body. When the equilibrium is thrown off, as in untreated diabetes or among people who have kidney or liver disease, they suffer such mental symptoms as lethargy or stupor. Hospitals rarely initiate around-the-clock studies of patients for several days in succession, yet there may be patients in whom blood acidosis is a vestigial response to a conditioned event that occurred at a significant time of day, such as the time of an ordeal, an examination, a job, or even a class. Such people might complain of symptoms that were never in evidence during office visits to their physician. In the past such complaints might have seemed doubtful and the patients would have been told they were hypochondriacs, but it is now clear that such "ghost" symptoms may resonate as an echo of unpleasantness.

At The Institute of Living, for instance, Dr. Stroebel's experiments have alerted the staff, who have discovered that several patients in the hospital show agitated symptoms and disturbed sleep-waking cycles like those observed in the desynchronized monkeys. One young man entered the hospital with signs of a peptic ulcer and a bizarre sleep schedule that had worried his family for two years. He would go to bed about half an hour later each night, drifting slowly around the clock—thus performing a roughly three-week cycle in which he would sleep by day, then slowly revert to sleeping by night. Doctors had attempted to force him onto a twenty-four-hour sleep schedule by giving a tranquilizer at night and amphetamine by day. It didn't work. The boy continued his cycle. Like the stressed monkeys, his strange desynchronization from the everyday world began during a period of adjustment, when his family moved from his home town to another city and a new house. Current studies are beginning to show the internal desynchronies in this young man and other patients. Psychiatric records resemble X-rays—it is hard to find anything unless you know what you are looking for. Thus the animal studies so ingeniously performed by Dr. Stroebel's laboratory have offered some of the first clues of what to seek in psychiatric patients.

Indeed, on round-the-clock study, the adrenal steroid rhythms of the young ulcer patient gave a vignette of his distress. Unlike the normal pattern, his blood levels would drop low, then rise very high in a forty-eight-hour cycle, then in seventy-two-hour and 120-hour rhythms. Every two days or so there would be a "beat," a time when the steroids were exceptionally high and his symptoms became extreme: he was confused, could not concentrate, and would be wracked with stomach cramps, nausea, and vomiting. If judged by his confused, estranged behavior, such a patient would probably be classed as schizophrenic. The usual treatment would involve "antipsychotic" drugs, such as chlorpromazine. Treatment would not take into account the underlying undulations, abnormal tides of adrenal hormones suggesting that the illness involves mistiming in regulation of the endocrine system. In the future, Dr. Stroebel speculates that such patients might benefit from mild electrotherapy, sometimes called electrosleep, and from regularity of life as it used to be arranged in the old spas of Europe. Sleep studies of this same young man have indicated that he is trying to conform to the hospital schedule, but his body is (Continued on page 141)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of two excerpts published by Vogue from* Body Time: Physiological Rhythms and Social Stress, *Gay Gaer Luce's book about a new research key to health riddles, to be published this month by Pantheon Books.*

Drugs we take affect us differently, depending upon the time we take them

Sensational, *above*—if everyone could look like this at night, the world would be happier in the morning. So simple—just slit, bare, bias, and however much slither you put into it. Nightdress by Stephen Burrows, of white satin de lys, edged in red; a Wear-Dated fabric of Monsanto nylon, polyester, and silk. About $28. At Henri Bendel.

Fresh tambour curtains blowing in the night couldn't be more delicious than the long embroidered white cotton djellaba, *below*, with its own pretty hood. By Tina Leser; about $130. Martha; Nan Duskin. The bedspread is, for good reason, called "Patterns"; it's by Yves Saint Laurent for Fieldcrest, of cotton and polyester. At Altman's.

Sweet dream—and a short one, opposite—all white embroidered in white, with a little tie at the neck. By Carol Stein for Christian Dior, of satin de lys; a Wear-Dated fabric of Monsanto nylon, polyester, silk. $27. Altman's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Grillade sheet, Ultra Vellux blanket, Martex. Abraham & Straus. Coifs: François of Kenneth.


the prettiest
nightdresses
—all white
for yourself...to give someone else
ALEXIS WALDECK

A perfect flow of black, *near right*, open to the waist—a reason, if you must, for the beautifully drifty black robe. By Jacques Tiffeau for Gossard; tricot of nylon by Burlington Tricot Fabrics. $30. Gimbels, N.Y.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bullock's.

Simple as a slip, *opposite*—that same divinely sexy look. Marvelous way to make a thing of pretty shoulders—especially if you've smoothed the path with Evyan's Satinglide Body Lotion, steeped in White Shoulders perfume....Tricot nightdress by Olga; Antron nylon and Lycra spandex (Webco Mills). $13. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Jacobson's, Michigan. All Chelsea flowered sheets, David Hicks for J. P. Stevens (Bloomingdale's); photographed in the St. Regis suite decorated by David Hicks. François of Kenneth coifs.

Sheer, bare, and veiled with pleats, *above*—a black nightdress simply plunged in allure. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $40. At Altman's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Some of the most romantic things in life have a faint air of mystery, like the nightdress, *below*—bare black with mists of dolman-sleeved robe swirling around. Both by John Kloss for Cira, of Caprolan nylon; about $50. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

THE PRETTIEST NIGHTDRESSES—ALL BLACK

ALEXANDER DECK

Observations

IT'S THE ORIENT EXPRESS

AND IT CERTAINLY IS AN EXPRESS—THE WAY EVERY-BODY'S TAKEN UP THE ORIENTAL LOOK. NO SLOW BOAT BROUGHT THE CHINESE CLOTHES INTO FASHION EVERYWHERE. BUT, YOU SEE, THEY DO MAKE SENSE: BEAUTIFUL COLOR AND FABRICS, SIMPLE PRACTICAL SHAPES; IT'S VALID.



MAURICE HOGENBOOM



觀察

1. Left, authentic Chinese quilted cotton coatdress in red peacock print to wear over your Levi's with your favorite leather belt, Chelsea Cobbler clogs. Dress, $120. Right, traditional peasant pyjama in lacquer-red cotton printed with pale-pink peonies, $70. Both, by Dragon Lady Trading. At Bloomingdale's, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Texas. . . . **2.** Get the original thing in Chinatown: gold sateen embroidered shirt, black sateen pants, $16. At Oriental Fashion Center, 79 Mott Street. Butterfly kite, $3 at Sang Chong Co., 85 Mott Street. . . . **3.** Brooches of mother-of-pearl in shapes ranging from Chinese chrysanthemums to Egyptian ankh symbols. It's fun to wear a lot of them together. About $2 each at Jack's Gift Shop, 59 Mott Street. . . . **4.** Left, long scarlet silk Vietnamese dress over white silk pants, $65. Right, multicolor embroidered white silk coat, $100. Both, at Sara Penn, 19 East 7th Street. . . . **5.** The delicious China-doll look: an authentic costume—green velvet tunic top with pictorial embroidery medallion, $40; orange brocade shirt, $60; long Chinese skirt of embroidered silk panels, about $150. All at Sara Penn, 19 East 7th Street. . . . And, oh yes, those Chinese characters? They say "Observations" in Chinese. . . .

Observations

IT'S SO SEDUCTIVE—

Sometimes at a good party one can see a new fashion sweeping in. That's what happened at Joe Eula's, honoring "Winnie" winner Halston the night of the Coty Fashion Awards. Everywhere one looked there were beautiful girls with flashing bare backs, downright dazzling décolletages, lovely long bare arms. The daringly bare dress is big news. **1.** The dance floor scene....**2.** Karen Bjornson in Halston's midnight-blue matte jersey culottes, white lilies at her waist....**3.** Roz Rubenstein in a Stephen Burrows dress of black matte jersey, cut way away on top....**4.** Berry Berenson in a creamy white silk halter-tunic over black satin knickers and boots....**5.** Naomi Sims in Halston's bare-back halter pajamas of white silk crêpe....**6.** Halston, left, talking to Pat Cleveland in a pretty spectacularly bare dress of sky-blue matte jersey printed with white clouds. (And, of course, Miss Cleveland had her red feather fan for moments of modesty....)

BILL CUNNINGHAM

BODY STRESS

(Continued from page 133)

not beating to a twenty-four-hour rhythm, and he is therefore unable to sleep at night but tosses and turns with agitated insomnia.

Most psychiatric patients are neither observed nor diagnosed over time. Indeed, it requires not only the willingness to make observations around the clock for days and weeks but an investment in special methods and instruments.

Ironically enough, it is the computer that may finally allow psychiatrists to see how all the factors of light, behavior, mood, and biochemistry fit together. A number of mental hospitals have installed computer systems that will allow them to track the minutiae of change in patients with a precision that was never before possible. The system began at The Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut. The Institute staff evolved a way of analyzing a detailed daily description of each patient. The procedure is simple: nursing notes, recorded by all nurses and aides, are automated. They consist of a checklist of traits, actions, and descriptions, a comprehensive evaluation of the patient that is filled out every twelve hours. This checklist is distilled from years of research and many personality inventories; and in order to fill it out, the nurse or aide is forced to observe the patient closely.

The printed nursing notes carry 215 descriptive statements, with items on fastidiousness or sloppiness of the patient's dress, whether he groomed himself, ate, slept, read, went to classes. Did he seem irritable, sad, tearful, preoccupied, angry, or hilarious? Did he take his medication? No nurse could write such a description of each patient on every shift, and even if she could, no doctor would have time to read it. But the computer can accumulate a changing profile of a patient's behavior over days or weeks. In the history of medicine, no psychiatric patients ever received such informed treatment. Most psychiatrists have to judge patients on the basis of little information and have no picture of the patient in their absence.

The computer is doing what "personal" attention cannot accomplish, and the medical staff at the Institute is now able to predict when a patient is about to succumb to minor illnesses, a head cold, or the flu. Since the computer routinely analyzes daily habits, it has been discovered that the regularity of bowel movements is a good index of gastrointestinal health. If the timing should change for three or four days, it is the harbinger of a cold or other minor ailment. Although the automated checklist does not sound friendly and solicitous, it provides a medical staff with sensitive analysis of each patient, and automated notes could be filled out at home by clinic patients and their families, allowing the clinic doctor to see what happened to his patient between visits. If many people have feared depersonalization of medicine with the advent of computers, the opposite seems to be occurring, and the quality of medical treatment is radically improved. At least the doctor is informed to a degree that was previously impossible, and the rest is up to him.

Many of these patients cannot identify any single event as a source of their bizarre symptoms of helplessness and withdrawal or of anxiety and confusion. Stress may not be an event. Illness may result from the cumulative impact of the environment rather than from a specific factor. In America today the signs of stress are everywhere, in the polluted air, the din of cities, the crowding, pressure, social violence, and economic insecurity. For most individuals the most difficult aspect of life is probably the rate of change, for whether events are good or bad, they require the individual to adjust.

Dr. Thomas H. Holmes, of the University of Washington School of Medicine, was among the first to demonstrate that the rate of change in a person's life is predictive of his health. Working with Dr. Richard Rahe, Holmes created a scale to measure life changes and to rate each of the common events with a number indicating the amount of impact it would have upon a person's life. As they validated the scale, by questioning thousands of men and women about how they would rank a vacation, the death of a spouse, or a change of work hours according to the amount of adjustment each would require, there was astonishing agreement. It was possible to assign a numerical weight to a list of over fifty items, ranging from the relatively minor (change in church activities would rate nineteen points, a vacation would rank thirteen) to the monumental change that occurs with the death of a spouse (100 points, and the top of the scale). Not all changes are unpleasant, but even the birth of a child (39) or marriage (50) entails considerable adjustment. Holmes and his associates, Minoru Masuda, Allen Wyler, and Robert Casey, began to collate the life-change scores of thousands of Americans and Japanese with their medical records. The pattern was so striking that the authors initially hesitated to publish the results.

In 1967 it was clear that people with high scores on the life-change index were more likely than their peers to undergo some serious illness in the following year. When the life-change scale was applied to three thousand Navy men, the score was used to predict illness within the next twelve months. Indeed, men in the top 10 percent with the most changes of life-style suffered about twice as much illness as the individuals whose lives had hardly changed and who were in the bottom 10 percent. Moreover, the higher the score, the more severe the illness was likely to be. Even though the pace of life was quickened by a job promotion, outstanding achievement, buying a new house, or settling of business claims, the total amount of change was tightly correlated with amount and kind of illness in the subsequent year. The index would predict whether a person might have a stroke, cancer, or depression, rather than something minor, such as hemorrhoids, warts, or gastrointestinal upsets. Perhaps the person who is constantly exerting himself to adjust to a new condition exhausts some of his resistance to the infections that are always hovering about us. Perhaps the sickness of grief, the well-known proneness of widows to illness and sudden aging, results not only from loss and sorrow but from the need to compress a number of major life changes into a short period after the death. Adaptation has a physiological, a biochemical meaning, and every time we cope with something new the endocrine system must supply extra energy. Viruses and bacteria are widely available, but not all people in contact with them get sick. It is the pace of life, the rate of change that has predicted illness.

Cancer itself appears to be a disease of mistiming, in which cell division does not seem to follow the rule of circadian rise and fall that dominates the rest of the body. Cancer sometimes appears in the aftermath of emotional strain, perhaps through mechanisms similar to those that produce ulcers, colitis, hypertension, and metabolic illnesses. Judging from the Stroebel experiments, a purely emotional distress may lead to internal desynchronization. When a person's sleep and waking rhythm is out of phase with the rest of his circadian systems, he will ultimately ask parts of his sleeping anatomy to perform for his waking will, as if they were geared for daytime activity. Small displacements in the phases of internal rhythms might conspire to produce swells of biochemicals in the wrong places at the wrong times. Small displacements of circadian rhythms might, in theory, account for the entire range of psychosomatic and emotional illnesses. Certainly there is an implication in this new information that our behavior, the way we schedule our actions, has physiological potency.

Our endocrine systems have limits, and the flexibility of our nervous systems is not infinite. If we are to live in a civilization that subjects us to accelerated change, that places our lives in ever greater flux, we may have to take prophylactic measures to protect our health. The Holmes data suggest that individuals must moderate the shifting and change in their lives. If there are major personal changes in one's family, one may have to minimize other adaptation such as the changing of jobs. After bereavement, divorce, retirement, or an accumulation of changes, an individual may think twice before setting off on a long vacation trip that itself requires continual coping. One may have to evaluate even the purchase of a new car or redecoration of a house for the amount of disruption it may introduce into an already fast-paced life. The external world will generate even greater accelerations, and the individual must examine the ecosystem of his own life to preserve a modicum of essential serenity. Otherwise the environment will overwhelm him, luring and cajoling him into constant transition —which, as we have seen, is destructive to basic health. ▼

GIELGUD

(Continued from page 88)

. . . you know, sitting in an empty theater late at night, and the lights being done for me. It gives me a sort of mad King Ludwig of Bavaria feeling. And I think I create a good working atmosphere with the actors. Of course, one must be very careful about the plays one chooses. I've had my share of failures in that department; and, of course, I've had many failures as an actor. That's why I wanted Hayman, in his biography, to devote a chapter to my failures because I feel that failures teach one more than one's successes. For example, I failed dismally in *Othello*. And I was dreadful as Macbeth and as Shylock. And these were Shakespeare plays! But looking over the years, I found that all rather salutary, and I'm glad I had the courage to do them.

"I was in great despair when I first played Hamlet. That was in 1929, at the Old Vic, and I was twenty-five. When I began to rehearse it I was terrified because I thought I couldn't give anything of myself to it. But when I finally played it, I thought I can't fool anybody with this part. To my mind it's almost the straightest part I've ever played. What it taught me was that your bad qualities—those you're anxious to conceal—are of enormous value. Just as I think it's important to find comedy in a serious part or a tragic part, in the same way you have to find the weaknesses of your own nature and not be afraid to use them on the stage however much you may be ashamed of them in private life; because they are just as interesting, if not more interesting than your good qualities. I mean, your good qualities—your charm, attractive appearance, your elegance or style—those things you know about and tend to exploit in order to get jobs, to make people like you, to get lovers to accept you. You tend to develop these qualities with a good deal of smugness and vanity because they are things that are useful to you in life.

"But your bad qualities—your bad temper and jealousy and ambition, greed, viciousness—these are things you try to cover up. But unless you use those with real frankness on the stage, you can't create a character. I mean, you'd never be able to play Pirandello, who so brilliantly shows the inner workings of a person's nature. Someone may appear to be charming and is really a monster—like Iago. The black sides of a character must be projected and understood. In the old days, the great stars usually played for sympathy. I think that playing for sympathy is one of the cardinal sins of an actor."

Age preoccupies Sir John. He seems to fear it. He is at a loss about it. He is slightly embarrassed at the mention of it. Still handsome in the extreme with his fine, aristocratic features shaping a face of enormous sensitivity and a build that is as straight as a young man's, he nevertheless exudes a certain dread of the aging process.

"I'm nearing seventy. I'm terrified of playing anything for which I'm too old. On the other hand, I'm equally terrified of playing nothing but middle-aged fuddy-duddies. Actually, it's becoming a bit ridiculous. One is either worried about money, or what one should do usefully with the next ten or fifteen years, in which one hopes one's memory will last. If I only knew how many more years I had to really do some decent work, I could make some better plans. But I've played all the parts I've wanted to play. I've been all over the world—at other people's expense.

"To tell the truth, I'm getting rather tired of acting and all the rest of it. These days I find I'm always playing myself, rather than being the character I'm supposed to portray. And I rely so much on vocal tricks. Although I think the voice is one of the most important things about an actor—and I've always been happy that people liked my voice—I feel it's become a terrible trap. I'm always inclined to doing something with my voice—showing it off—rather than doing something with my body. I wish I had taken more trouble in my early days with my body. I shouldn't have become so voice conscious, which I was to a terrible extent in my middle years.

"Laurence Olivier never did that, and I admired him for it. He has real virtuosity. He's unbelievably daring. He really rushes in and does a part as he conceives it, and runs right through it without the slightest qualms. I once directed him in *Twelfth Night*, and he brought me a Malvolio that was absolutely full and rounded in interpretation. Nothing one could possibly tell him would have made

(Continued on page 144)

RICHARDSON

(Continued from page 88)

of his emotions and intellect.

Sir Ralph is not given to easy chatter. There are no idle verbal bridges. A question is asked, some moments of silence ensue, then the answer may or may not be given. At least, that's how it goes as we begin discussing his current starring role in London in John Osborne's new play, *West of Suez*, which also stars Osborne's wife, Jill Bennett.

"It could be considered a family portrait of very English people in a very alien atmosphere," says Sir Ralph. "There's a father, an internationally famous writer, with several daughters and their husbands and friends, all staying for a short visit on an imaginary island, like Jamaica, but smaller in size. The action takes place in one day. Everything ends badly. I'm killed in the play—by accident—resulting in a swift and devastating tragedy. There is no question that Osborne is a gifted writer. He has a fine pen and a very fine bottle of ink, and he knows how to dip that pen in that ink and something very, very good comes out of it."

I asked Sir Ralph whether he and Laurence Olivier were good friends. "Oh, we're friends indeed!" he answered. "Very close friends. We were boys together and knew each other at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. He's the same man now as he was then: bold as a tiger, terribly funny, daring, and brilliant. He's a wonderful chap. I saw quite a bit of Lord Olivier when he was married to Vivien Leigh. I remember Vivien with tremendous fondness. She was a fine actress, especially in films, and so very, very beautiful. She was also a sweet hostess. I remember one Guy Fawkes Day, the Oliviers gave a party in their house in Chelsea—a beautiful little house, exquisite in every way. I brought along a great big parcel of fireworks—you know, to liven things up later on. Well, suddenly and terrifyingly they all went off in the drawing room. It was terrible, there was an awful lot of damage. I expected Vivien to turn on me like a tigress, but she only said, 'Oh, Ralph, I know you didn't mean to do it.' And she was very house-proud, you know.

"Another time, I was invited to their country home in Sussex which was once an abbey. Laurence said to me, 'You know, Ralph, there are some old paintings up in the rafters which I think you'd like to see.' So we climbed up ladders and things, and I was shown the paintings. 'My goodness,' I said, 'these paintings are splendid!' And to get a better look, I stepped back, and with that stepped through the ceiling and fell right through into their bedroom. Well, you can imagine the damage! Clearly, I was their most dangerous guest. But do you know, Vivien Leigh actually asked me to the house again. She was a very charitable woman."

Richardson chuckles at the memory and then expresses sadness over Miss Leigh's untimely death in 1967. He grows serious and thoughtful. He shifts in his seat, he sighs, and then gets up to find more tobacco for his pipe. When he returns to his seat he suddenly says, "I suppose you want to talk about acting. . . .

"Acting relies to a great extent on one's visual and psychological memory. Sometimes, an actor plays parts better when they are removed from his own personality. An actor is given his theme and certain details about characterization. He must rely on his memory of how people speak or do things, and he must draw on his own emotions to give the right effects. I feel there's an awful vacuity in acting, these days. I often think that the trouble with us actors is that we are not wicked enough. For example, terror or ugliness is so important to portray, but you seldom see it done well. That real ability to be sinister and bad . . . it seldom comes off. You see, we're all so good, we're basically such nice people. We don't commit enough murders. We don't strangle enough children in order to trot out our inner monsters. We have hundreds of actors who can be charming. But how many actors do we have who can play Macbeth? Practically none. I once played Macbeth, and it was a disaster. I tried so hard to be wicked. I wore a fierce beard and made myself up to look terrifying. Nothing helped."

Richardson does not relish excessive discussions about his career. "I'm very interested in many other things beside the theater," he says. "For example, I'm extremely interested in painting. My father was a painter, and so was my mother. I rather wished to be a painter myself. I went to an art school, but I very much

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NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

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was right: perhaps there were many reasons why such an intervention would have been an embarrassment politically to the British government. After all, Woodrow Wilson had just brought the United States into the war in April saying how marvelous that the United States can come into the war on the side of a free Russia which has cast off the dark night of Tsarist tyranny. At that moment, no one knew what was going to happen in Russia and no one cared about what might happen to the Tsar and his family.

Q.: Your treatment of Nicholas is perhaps more sympathetic than that of other historians. Why?

Massie: I don't think I was easy on Nicholas about his responsibility. I simply tried to explain why he was, if you like, irresponsible, why he acted as he did. First, in terms of his education, his tutor; the situation he inherited from his father; then, his wife and the child they had and the situation provoked by that involving Rasputin. But there was an even larger reason for Nicholas's fall. It would have been impossible for any man to run *that* system under those conditions. In the twentieth century no single man can run a modern industrial society as an hereditary monarch. Perhaps a modern autocrat, a tyrant like Stalin or Hitler, can do it. But it is simply too much for a man to inherit this much power and responsibility by an accident of birth—which was the case with Nicholas.

In the Western democracies, we may get people at the top we don't think are particularly attractive or not very noble but at least they are there because they want the job. Nicholas didn't want the job. He did it because he was supposed to do it. He would have been happy to quit if he could have. Nicholas's decisions were frequently the wrong decisions; but he made them because of his character, his training, his family, and his wife who was not, for a lot of reasons, a happy woman.

These days, the Soviets and a lot of Western historians describe Imperial Russia as doomed by "the laws of history." The Bolshevik Revolution, they say, was inevitable. This is nonsense! A number of different possibilities were open to Russia, and of all these, the Bolshevik seizure of power was almost the least likely. After my book came out, I was asked how I could have said that hemophilia caused the Russian Revolution. I did not say this. What I said was that hemophilia was of much greater importance than any historian, up to that point, had realized. Hemophilia produced the phenomenon of Rasputin's rise to power. After 1915 when he left to command the army, Nicholas was guided primarily by Alexandra, who continually urged him to replace those of his Ministers who were unfriendly to Rasputin. Rasputin wasn't seeking power; he was simply trying to protect himself. One after another, the good ministers went, as a result of those long letters from Alexandra to Nicholas. They were replaced by people friendly to Rasputin and so, when the crunch came in 1916, the government was a shambles—a half-mad Minister of the Interior, Protopopov, was left trying to keep the peace.

Almost no one wanted a revolution. Only a few people wanted to do away with the monarchy. What was demanded was reform: ministers and a government more responsive to the Duma. Even in 1917, Lenin did not see a revolution coming in Russia. Lenin in Switzerland told a group of Swiss workers to try to keep the faith but that the older men among them might not live to see the coming of the new day.

Q.: Didn't hemophilia play an important role in why you were drawn to the story of Nicholas and Alexandra yourself?

Massie: We have three children, the oldest my fifteen-year-old son, Bob. When he was born, he seemed all right. Five months later, he had a funny bruise. It was hemophilia. We were stunned because there was no previous history of hemophilia in my wife's family. Subsequently, we learned that 40 percent of the cases that appear are spontaneous. So in trying to learn how to deal with the disease, what the disease is, and how other people had coped with it, I began to read a lot about Nicholas and Alexandra. I was a writer at *Newsweek* at the time; and I started going down to the New York Public Library during my lunch hour and pulling out all the books listed under "Alexis," "Nicholas," and "Alexandra," as well as all the books of personal memoirs, like the book by Gilliard, Alexis's tutor, who emphasized the importance of the Tsarevich's hemophilia and how the parents dealt with it. As I read, I realized that this was a very significant part of their lives. Then reading back through the histories of modern Russia, the classic things that everyone reads, I found that hemophilia was passed over in a single sentence, Rasputin in two or three. Most said quickly that the Tsarevich bled uncontrollably and that the terrified mother turned to this Siberian, this false holy man, to control the bleeding. To me, the father of a hemophiliac, this was fascinating. What did Rasputin do? How did he do it? And where could I find out? What about the Empress? Was her unhappiness that of the mother of a hemophiliac? I started piling the information into my head, and filling notebooks. I began work on what I intended to be a small book, dealing just with the importance of the hemophilia, and it grew.

Q.: Your description of the relationship between Nicholas and Alexandra is compelling. But haven't many readers of your book tended overly to romanticize it.

Massie: You mean the love story? I think the fact that Nicholas stuck by his wife even during the time she was under greatest stress and must not have been as attractive as perhaps she was earlier appeals strongly to some people.

Some may think Nicholas carried his devotion to his wife and son too far. Almost all of the Grand Dukes had mistresses and were spending time in Paris or Biarritz or the Riviera. Nicholas was almost the only one who was square enough to keep plowing ahead. I think in a way Alexandra made him happy. I do know from some things I chose not to print that their physical relationship was close even up to the end.

Q.: And you make a great deal of Nicholas and Alexandra's extraordinary dignity and courage during their imprisonment.

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ACCESSORY INFORMATION

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Page 68: White bangle by K.J.L. Oscar de la Renta natural wood bangle.
Page 69: Necklace by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo.
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Page 91: Mr. John Visor. Unisonic watch by Universal Geneve, at Bloomingdale's.
Page 92: Adolfo hat, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bag by Fred Leighton. Sandals at Miller Eye.
Page 93: Kay Fuchs hat. Pin on hat by Willie Woo. Alexis Kirk bracelet. Clogs by Olofdaughters.
Page 94: Scarf by Herman Schmidt & Brendle. Alexis Kirk bracelets. Bulova watch, at Altman's. El Greco sandals.
Page 95: Mr. John hat, Alexis Kirk pin; both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. El Greco Sandals.
Page 96: Minaudière and breastplate by Elsa Peretti for Halston, at Bloomingdale's.
Page 97: Visor glasses by Paris Collections.
Page 98: Scarf at Hanae Mori Boutique.
Page 99 (top left): Headwrap by Emily Wetherby. Pierre Cardin glasses. Sweater by Lyle & Scott. Ring by Alexis Kirk.
Page 99 (right): Mr. John hat. Belt by Anne Klein for Calderon.
Page 100: Mr. John hat. Scarf at Hanae Mori Boutique.
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Page 111: Willie Woo earrings. Cuffs by Charles Elkaim. Pants, Halston Limited. Charles Jourdan shoes.
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Page 118 (top right): I. D. bracelet from Cartier.
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Page 129: Necklace and cuff by Bill Smith for Laguna. Shoes by Florence Otway for Mademoiselle.

Statement Required by the Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE, published Semi-Monthly except in May, June, July & December when it is published monthly, for October 1, 1971.

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(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher.

7.	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies printed (net press run)	515,168	553,726
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	173,434	228,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	252,888	239,584
C. Total Paid Circulation	426,322	467,584
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	11,131	11,034
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	62,831	64,000
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	500,284	542,618
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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GIELGUD

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him change it. His Macbeth was the best I've ever seen, because he played it as a man with a black soul from the first—not as a good man, until he meets up with the witches and the greed and ambition of his wife. That's a great thing to be able to do. And he finds such novel things in a character. He found humor in Othello, which nobody ever found. I'll never forget that first entrance . . . smelling a rose. That was one of the most daring things I've ever seen.

"Olivier has always been daring, and he's always gone to gyms to take care of his body in order to do violent action on the stage—fights and swordplay and what have you. I dread that sort of thing because I'm very cowardly and very lazy. Now, unfortunately, Olivier's not well and has curtailed his acting, keeps busy running the National Theatre.

"As for me, I try to keep busy and I try not to overdo things. I no longer sit up late at night. I drink, but not anymore than is good for me. I did, of course, have a wonderful time in my twenties and thirties, although I overworked and overplayed in those days. I suffered terribly because of that. I was always in a state of frustration and nerves. I was always afraid of having nervous breakdowns, because I was so terribly high-strung. Now, I've settled down. I'm very disciplined. I'm very punctual. I work my days out rather carefully. I take very good care of myself, and I've been very lucky to have very good health. And I have critical friends who don't flatter me too much. I don't have an entourage, which I find most dangerous. I mean, look at Richard Burton—always eight or ten people around him. One can never see him alone. . . .

"Also, I try to have some contact with ordinary people. I don't sail around in a car all the time. I cannot allow myself to lose touch with people. Everybody is always polite and reverential toward me, but too much privacy can also be dangerous. I don't entertain as much as I used to. Actually, I'm quite alone . . . sometimes I'm quite lonely. But, I must say, I'm getting rather good at being alone." ▼

RICHARDSON

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failed to succeed. Still, I like to paint and do so to this day."

Again, Sir Ralph laughs, and again he lapses into a long silence. I ask him whether he had any qualms about getting older—whether being nearly seventy had its disquieting moments.

"I *should* have fears about aging," he says, "and I find it very crass and insensitive of me that I don't. I honestly cannot believe that I am as old as I am. I always believed that people who reached the age of fifty or sixty or seventy would be wise—would know and understand about life. Perhaps by *not* understanding about life I remain young. But I do find it rather unobservant of me not to observe myself getting old. . . . Oh, I don't know . . . I think I've been very lucky. I've been married all my life—ever since I was a very young man. I had a first wife, but she's gone to heaven, bless her soul. I've been married again now for thirty years. And I have a son. To say that my wife and I have never exchanged a cross word would be a fantasy.

"One has moments of despair. One's work is not always a bed of roses. But one mustn't be ungrateful to one's fate. Oddly enough, when one gets older one loses one's capacity for rest—for taking it easy. When I was young I had very much more pleasure out of my periods of rest—out of my holidays. But now, I don't much like enjoying myself. I don't like swimming anymore. I don't like basking in the sun. I don't go to the beaches in the South of France anymore. Now, I rather like cracking about on my motorbike, and I occasionally play tennis or a bit of squash.

"But to discuss the inner aspects of one's life . . . well, I'm afraid I find it impossible to do. I don't think I know myself well enough. One day, if I've got the time, I'll take myself aside and ask myself that question. If I find an answer, I'll be very happy to tell you what it is." ▼

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

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Massie: It was, after all, what they were trained for. The stiff upper lip is no longer in style and, to a certain extent, I agree with its disappearance. The stiff upper lip concealed a great many things that weren't right in the Victorian world. Because the European royal family—the Germans, the Russians, the English, the Danes—were related, they were all essentially English Victorians. When the chips were down, duty was the thing.

Ours is a very different morality with love as its watchword. But I think we've made a mistake—and Nicholas and Alexandra are an example—to have given up justice, duty, and the stiff upper lip. When love is misguided or uneducated or ignorant, love is not always the answer. Nicholas and Alexandra's backbone was something I hope we haven't lost in gaining this other thing.

Q.: Did Nicholas and Alexandra ever have any hope except to die?

Massie: I don't think they expected to die. I think they faced the fact that death was possible, especially when the last group of jailers arrived who weren't Russians. They also felt there was a possibility of escape or that they would be moved to another place for imprisonment.

They were, in fact, killed because the possibility of rescue was becoming stronger. When death did come, it came suddenly. They were surprised, yelled and screamed, because a group of men came into the room aiming pistols at them. Even then, Nicholas tried to cover and protect his son.

At the end, Nicholas's finest qualities came to the fore. One of the worst bullies constantly made fun of the Tsar, tripped him on his bicycle and took away his son's toys, drew dirty pictures where the daughters would see them, made peepholes everywhere. But Nicholas won them over. They called him "bloody Nicholas," "the monster," but they found they couldn't leave the same guards around him because even as the Revolution became more and more extreme and the soldiers would be replaced by even more revolutionary soldiers, they would come in breathing fire and depart admiring Nicholas. That was the real glory of Nicholas and an inner clue to the inner story of Nicholas and Alexandra. I hope that this deep courage and dignity come across in the film because the film's characters bear a remarkable resemblance to their Royal counterparts. ▼

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